

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER

WEEKLY

PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1871.

TERMS: \$3.00 per Annum in advance.
\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 71.

FALSE.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

Why is it we read, so many times,
Of woman's falsehood, while you all pass by
The treachery of man? Perhaps you think
His falsehood hidden from the observing eye:
Not that all men are false—I mean not that!
But I am weary of this story old
Of woman's weakness, for I know of men
Who have proved false for fame, and place, and
gold.
And yet, if we believed just what we read,
We should not dream that man was ever base.
And weak enough to do as women do—instead
You tire not, talking o'er our fickle ways.
Why! I can tell you of a man who holds
A place high up in Fortune's hill to-day.
Who wooed a woman's heart with tender words,
And then, for gold, he threw the thing away!
The poor, poor thing!—a woman's loving heart,
Filled with a faith that trusted all mankind!
What was so small a thing to that proud man
Whose words were empty as the lightest wind?
He cared not for the heart that owned him king;
Love—gold—he weighed them, and the gold went
down.
You think a woman's heart so frail a thing—
We women think that love is life's true crown!
Some women may be false—but men are, too!
There are false hearts among them both, I know.
But still the falsest heart I ever knew.
Was a man's heart! His soul must tell him so.
But then—what use to talk? The world will say
Just what it pleases! False things rule the day.

Love-Blind:

OR,
WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FACE IN THE DRAWER.

THROUGH the open window came the
faint perfume of early summer sweets,
and the afternoon sunshine, falling in tessellated
golden beauties over the carpet, lighted up
with a halo of glory the beautiful head bent
over the hands that were clasped in a tight
embrace.

Around the graceful, drooping figure
swept folds of rich maize silk that was par-
ticularly becoming to the fair throat, face
and arms, and contrasting well with the
dusky hair that, unbound by comb or rib-
bon, fell loosely to the slender, supple waist,
a rippling, darkening cloud.

She was very beautiful, very fair; and yet
that rare face was shadowed by a frown
that ought not to have been there, and in
the dark, lustrous eyes was mirrored an ex-
pression that illly became them.

With a sudden gesture of impatience, she
arose from the low hassock, and began a
rapid, restless promenade through the luxu-
rious chamber.

Upon every object her eyes rested; now
flashing as they noted the dainty elegance
of carpet, curtains and furniture; now
smiling scornfully as they dwelt upon the
crystal ornaments of the dressing-bureau;
whereon lay open caskets of glowing,
bright-eyed jewels.

With closest, most earnest attention, Lill-
ian Rothermel viewed the contents of this
bedchamber, the plainest, probably, of all
the apartments at Fernleigh; and then, as
she deliberately paused before the mirror,
her peach-bloom cheeks grew more vivid in
their coloring, and her black eyes more in-
tense in their half-scoffing, half-triumphant
light.

"It is all very elegant; all very suitable
to my fastidious tastes, and I doubt whether
many women would refuse it all, even if it
did come at the awful price I am going to
pay for it."

She stood steadily regarding the play of
her own peerless features as she soliloquized.

"I have no need of denying to myself
that I am a beautiful woman; and when a
pretty face is all I possess, why should I not
make the most of it? If it never brings me
happiness, it shall give me riches, and influ-
ence, and satisfy my ambition."

She glanced casually out of the rose-hued
curtained window, and then, with a mighty
surge, came a tide of emotion over her
white face and throat.

It was not an uncommon sight at all that
she saw, but it evidently was one that bore
a peculiar relation to her; for the scarlet
flush died away, and as her face grew paler,
her eyes filled with tears, and she moved
away from the window.

Below, on the graveled walk, Lillian
Rothermel had seen two gentlemen; one, a
fine, portly man of perhaps sixty years of
age; arrayed in the neatest, most elegant at-
tire; with a face at once prepossessing and
commanding.

He was Mr. Edward Clavering, the
wealthy owner of Fernleigh and all its
splendid accompaniments.

The other was years younger—a graceful,
stylish-looking man, with an air of pride
and independence that was peculiarly adapt-
ed to him.

He had a handsome face, with its dark-
blue eyes and bronzed cheeks; its gravely-
sweet mouth, with a thick, curling mus-
tache of golden brown; his hair, curling in
loose tendrils, brushed off his forehead.

It was on this attractive face that Lillian
Rothermel had looked with scarlet-stained
cheeks and quivering mouth.

Her eyes still dimmed with the unshed
tears that trembled on the lashes, she opened
a side-drawer in her dressing-bureau and
took therefrom a picture—painted on por-
celain, and with a name written on the card
that was attached to it.

The picture was a perfect likeness of the
gentleman Lillian had seen below, walking
with old Mr. Clavering; and the name on
the card was Harry Gordeloup.

With a passionate tenderness Lillian
caressed the unconscious trifle, and then,
lifting it to her lips, kissed it fondly.



"No, Mr. Clavering, I will not allow you to mention that little romance of mine," and she laid her fingers over his lips.

"Harry! Harry! you never will know
how it is killing me to give you up; and yet
—I shall do it!"

She removed the ring from her finger that
Harry Gordeloup had placed there a year
before, and tied it with a little black ribbon
to a packet of letters addressed to him.

Then she laid the picture thereon, far
down, that she might not meet the eyes that
seemed following her wherever she went,
and rung the bell for a servant to beg Mr.
Gordeloup to await Miss Rothermel in the
parlor.

She was intensely pale, and there seemed
to her to be a telltale imp in her eyes as
she gazed back at them; but Lillian Rother-
mel was a brave woman, and a determined
woman, whose will wrought wondrous re-
sults; so that when she went down the
broad stairs, she was tranquil, radiant,
and graceful as ever.

CHAPTER II.

CAST ADRIET.

MR. GORDELOUP met her at the foot of
the stairs.

"I heard your step, Lillian; as if I could
not tell it from any woman's in the world!"
He drew her arm in his, bending his head
to kiss her forehead, as they entered the
great, dim parlor.

"Harry, go sit there by the window while
I talk to you. Have you a few minutes to
spare?"

She smiled brightly at him.

"To spare for you, Lillian! You know
my entire life is at your disposal."

He seated himself closely beside her, in-
stead of occupying the chair by the window
that Lillian had pointed out.

With tender affection, Harry took one of
her hands, and asked what favor he could
do her.

Then, with a calm quiet in her voice, and
her eyes firmly meeting his own, she told
him why she had appointed the interview.

"Harry, I want you to promise me you
will not hate me, because I am going to
break our engagement."

Gordeloup sprang to his feet in the sud-
denness of this revelation.

"Break our engagement!"

She smiled calmly at his flushed face; his
eyes, that held such a questioning, surprised
light in them.

"I am too poor, Harry, to allow you to
be burdened with me; you are obliged to
earn your living; what would we do?"

He was standing perfectly still, earnestly
regarding her witching face, his own wear-
ing an expression of bewildered amaze-
ment.

"Lillian, dearest, what does this mean?
You knew a year ago my financial condition,
and I yours."

"That is true; and because I think it best
for us both, I shall release you from your
engagement to me."

A wounded look was in his face now, but
Lillian would not see it—or seeing, would
take no visible notice of it.

"Lillian, if you have ceased to love me—"

She involuntarily exclaimed some inaudible
word, that to Harry's ears was a denial.

"Then, my own Lillian, if you have had no
cause to dislike me, we will banish this dis-
mal subject, and I will forget that you said
you desired to release me. Besides, Lillian,"
and he lifted her chin and kissed her red
lips, "I am very sure I'd not be thrown over
like that."

A little shiver ran through Lillian's veins;
what a pitiless task was hers, to tell this lov-
ing, trusting man, who had confided to her
the guidance of his life, who looked to her
for all happiness, that she was going to give
him up; deliberately reject him because a
richer man had offered a higher price for
her beauty!

How she despised herself, as she waited
the one moment before she cruelly unde-
ceived him; and above the contempt she
felt for herself, the pity she experienced for
him, was the tearing, crushing agony of the
knowledge that she worshiped this man,
who was to her a very god.

And yet, with strange inconsistency, she
would not let herself be happy in his love;
would seek her joy in the wealth and in-
fluence she would obtain when she became
Edward Clavering's wife, and mistress of
Fernleigh, where she had been only a hired
companion to Miss Amy Clavering.

Here, under this very roof, Lillian Rother-
mel had met Harry Gordeloup; under the
auspices of Mr. Clavering and kind-hearted
Miss Amy, their courtship had thriven
apace, until, dazzled by her beauty, her stylish
elegance—shall we acknowledge, by her
consummate artfulness?—Mr. Clavering had
suddenly proposed for her hand, with a full
knowledge of her engagement to Harry
Gordeloup.

Well—we have learned the result of that
proposal to Lillian Rothermel, who, in the
moment of silence that intervened as she
sat there with her lover's arm around her,
had thought rapidly of all these things.

Perhaps her indomitable will failed her
for that moment; the next, and she was
ready for the cruel deed.

"Harry, you misunderstood me. Let me
be plain, if I necessarily be harsh. Remem-
ber, I—in short, Harry, I am going to marry
Mr. Edward Clavering."

Her tones never varied from their low,
steady cadence; her cheeks did not flush or
pale; her eyes looked Harry quietly in his
own.

Harry dropped her hand and confronted
her, a stormy anguish in his eyes.

"Lillian! you surely are but trying the
depth of my love for you! You marry Ed-
ward Clavering! Why, dearest, he is old
enough to be your father! Lillian, how
foolish I was to be so frightened."

She did not return the tender, wistful,
yet withal doubtful smile that parted his
lips, and when she spoke, her hard, heartless
tones rung a knell to Harry Gordeloup's
heart.

"I repeat, I release you because I wish to
marry Mr. Clavering. I have quite decided
that to be mistress of Fernleigh is preferable
to struggling on, on an income of two thou-
sand a year."

A sudden cry of horror came from
Harry.

"Lillian! for money you will deliberately
break my heart and ruin my prospects!
Oh, Lillian, do unsay those wicked, mer-
cenary words!"

She smiled in his pale, eager face.

"For money, as you say, Harry, I will do
it. But, don't talk about your heart break-
ing—it is as strong as mine, is it not?"

"Oh, Lillian! Lillian!"

It was all the reproach he made, but the
tone in which he uttered the name was in-
expressibly touching and pitiful.

"Besides," she went on, as she carelessly,
almost gaily tapped her fingers against the
little package she had brought down for
him, "as to ruining your prospects by refus-
ing to share them, I think you are just
enough to acknowledge I would only be a
burden. Again, accustomed as I am to the
luxury and ease of my life at Fernleigh, I
fear I should be very unwilling to resign it
for—"

"For the terrible position of the wife of a
man you disliked because he was in only
moderate circumstances?"

Harry had interrupted her with sharp, un-
natural voice, and she wondered if it really
could be gay Harry Gordeloup who spoke so
sternly.

But it was better that he should feel angry;
better than that wounded grief he had at
first displayed.

"We will not discuss this point further.
Here are your letters and picture; of course
I wish mine. Mr. Gordeloup, you surely
will be able to appreciate my candor some
day when you learn to regard Mrs. Claver-
ing as a very good friend; when you return
to your old-time love, and renew your vows
to Winnie St. Cyr."

A sudden, painful flush tinted his cheek;
then he bent his face to Lillian.

"You remind me how you won me from
her? Let me remind you why you have
been won from me. Miss Rothermel, I ac-
cept my release. May you find in the
wealth for which you barter your woman-
hood, the enjoyment you desire; but if ever
ought should transpire to prove to you the

sin you this day commit, remember how I
am made to suffer."

He bowed elaborately, and took the par-
cel from her hands; then walked out of the
room.

It was all over! and Lillian Rothermel,
with a gasp and a fierce pressing of her
heart, smiled after him!

CHAPTER III.

A KNIGHT TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN Harry Gordeloup went out from
Lillian Rothermel's presence, it was with
strangely commingled emotions; foremost
and most painful of which was the knowl-
edge—so pitiful, so humiliating—that he
had been thrown over, not for love that
Lillian bore another, not for dislike that
she bore him, but for money, money! Lillian
had sold herself, and bartered him for Ed-
ward Clavering's broad acres and elegant
manor.

He walked along the roadside, hating
Edward Clavering with a fierce sort of
jealousy in that he had won his love from
him; and he compressed his lips as he pic-
tured to his indignant imagination, Edward
Clavering's arms around Lillian Rothermel,
and his lips touching the rare red mouth
he had so often kissed, so reverently too; for
he had not alone loved Lillian Rothermel;
he had held her in a sort of tender worship—
the chivalrous affection such men as
Harry Gordeloup always bestow on a wo-
man they love.

Harry was of a very strange disposition;
he possessed a commingling of characteris-
tics that were seldom met with; whether
his life was made the happier by them—
these conflicting traits of his—I question;
but at the same time he was a man of true
nobility of soul, as far as principle went;
and those impulses of his were not in-
tended to govern his life, although he too
often allowed them to.

So much for Harry Gordeloup, hand-
some, attractive and refined; and at the mo-
ment he was walking along the sunny road-
side, that warm, clear day, very much
wounded, angered, and insulted, he thought
of Lillian Rothermel, her witching beauty
and dainty ways, and his heart sunk; he
remembered the usage she had given him,
and his cheeks glowed, and almost involun-
tarily, another face—sad, haunting, plead-
ing—rose before him. Then he realized
how Winnie St. Cyr must have suffered
when he went to her, so deliberately, and
yet so kindly, to tell her he had learned to
love another; would she give him up?

That was one of Harry Gordeloup's
straightforward peculiarities; to him it was
less a wrong-doing to go to Winnie St. Cyr,
and plainly tell her all the truth, than suffer
her to go on loving him, and caressing him.

the while his whole soul shrinking from the duplicity he would enact, and crying out for Lillian Rothermel.

So he had told Winnie—his bright, sunny Winnie—than whom no truer woman lived; she had listened to his story, and, with quivering lips and trembling fingers, spoke his release, and gave him back his ring—the ring that now lay in his hand—that Lillian Rothermel had returned to him an hour ago!

A great pang thrilled through his heart as he looked down on it; he was beginning, even so soon, to find the fruit he had thought so good, so sweet, turning to Dead Sea apples, even in his own hands.

Lillian Rothermel was very lovely, very beautiful, and she had loved him, he knew that; he had loved her too, really, truly; as well as ever he had loved Winnie St. Cyr; but now, the question would keep forcing itself to him, had he done well in transferring his heart from Winnie's tender keeping to Lillian's fair hands?—he thought, fair and merciful as the grave were those white hands, and that heart of hers.

He had walked more than two miles, through the warm sun and dust, before he turned to retrace his steps.

He could not get back to the city for several hours, were he so inclined; besides, why should he fly Fernleigh? he had not done this wrong; Lillian's was the blame, and he almost acquitted Edward Clavering that moment. She had won him against his conscience, perhaps, even as she had deliberately stole him, a willing prize from another.

No, he could face Lillian Rothermel just as stubbornly as she could meet him; he would go to Mr. Clavering and congratulate him; he would laugh and talk to dear old Miss Amy, and let Lillian see his heart was as elastic as hers.

He walked more leisurely as he neared the entrance gate at Fernleigh; he switched off the grass with his cane in a careless sort of way; he stopped and plucked a spray of late roses, and fastened them in his button-hole; and all this because he imagined Lillian might be peeping at him from some closed lattice!

He was a little conceited—we all are—and proud; and he resolved to fight it through with those weapons.

CHAPTER IV. AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

HARRY went up the high flight of marble steps that led to the hall, two or three at a jump—he remembered Lillian had reproved him once, very merrily, lest he should make a misstep—through the hall, and, leaving his hat, cane and gloves on the stag's antlers, went up to his room to renovate his toilette and make himself fresh for the dinner-table.

But, with all that, a dull, heavy, tearing pain was in his heart! He kept thinking of Lillian all the time; thinking how he had lost her; how suddenly it had come to pass that he had no right to lay his hands on her bright hair, and look down into her eyes, until the rich color came to her cheek!

After he had arranged his dress, he sat down by the bowed shutters, to await the ringing of the dinner-bell—wondering what Lillian would wear down to the table. He always liked a black, grenadine she wore, with no ribbons—only her heavy gold jewelry; Mr. Clavering had several times complimented her upon her appearance when she wore white, and blue trimmings. Directly a door opened opposite his—that was her room, and his heart sprung to his throat when he heard her skirts rustle over the velvet carpeting.

He heard her walk to the banister, and then, after a silence, call, in a clear, high voice:

"Curman!—Curman was the footman—" will you send some one to repair the bell-rope in my room? and just step to the library and tell Mr. Clavering I will see him in a few minutes."

Then she walked back past his door, humming an air from "Les Brigands"—ah! Harry had taken her down only a week before to hear that very opera!

How heartless she was! How utterly heartless!

He forgot how he came up the walk from the gate; how he had picked the white roses—had it been only accidental?—the only kind of flowers Lillian had expressed a dislike for.

So she was going down to tell Mr. Clavering, he supposed, that she loved him so dearly and would accept his offer—not of gold and lands and sixty-five years of life—but his heart, and hand, and protection.

Of a sudden, he resolved to go downstairs; to the library; and see her when she came in, in all her beauty and regal grace.

With him to be was to act; he threw open his door, began whistling the same aria Lillian had sung, and then went leisurely down the stairs.

The library door was wide open—a sort of mute invitation it seemed to him to her up-stairs to enter—but he went boldly in, up to Mr. Clavering, who was reading in his easy-chair beside the long, velvet-covered table.

He glanced up—a little suddenly, Harry thought, but it was easily accounted for. Harry drew a short ottoman from a corner, and threw himself lazily, and not ungracefully, upon it.

"You can spare me a few moments, Mr. Clavering? I am aware you expect Miss Rothermel in a short time, but what I want to say can be said before she comes."

He waited a moment, looking at the slight expression of momentary discomfiture on the old gentleman's face.

"Yes, Harry, I know why you seek me before Lillian—Miss Rothermel comes. I know I have taken her from you, my boy, and, viewed in some lights, I think it was a decidedly unfriendly thing. But, just bear this in mind, Harry, I am an old man, and she is the only woman who ever moved my heart to love. You are young, with a long life ahead of you, and you can take your choice from a hundred who never would look at an old man like me."

"But you forget, that, added to your personal attractions, Mr. Clavering, is all that?"

Harry waved his hand, indicating the wealth that surrounded him, both inside and outside.

Mr. Clavering's cheeks flushed indignantly.

"You would insinuate that she would marry me for my riches? You must not let your natural disappointment make you scandalous, Harry."

A little contemptuous smile curled Harry's lip, but he would not tell the old man that Lillian did intend to marry him for his

money, and nothing but his money. No, she was lost to him, and Mr. Clavering might find it out himself how bitter his mistake had been.

"To prove to you how mistaken you are, Harry, my boy, I will whisper a secret to you. I have made my will this very day, before I know her answer—though I can guess it—leaving to Lillian Rothermel, in the event of my rejection, five thousand dollars a year as long as she lives; and to my wife, if I marry, just double that sum, besides some of the estate."

Harry slowly raised his eyebrows, and then a horrible, hellish thought flashed through his mind.

What if Mr. Clavering should die, and Lillian be free?

He almost cursed himself the next moment for it; yet there was a red gleam on his face as he arose and went toward the door.

"You see, Harry, how much I love her. You young men that can fancy every pretty face, and would marry the first handsome girl who'd have you, know nothing of the love of the old man's heart. And, Harry, I'll give you a check for five thousand dollars to compensate."

But Harry was gone; he had not heard the offer, almost insulting in its inconsistency.

CHAPTER V. THRUST FOR THRUST.

BEFORE Harry Gordeloup had reached the door of the library that led to the hall, a faint, sweet fragrance heralded Lillian Rothermel's approach. He gave a sudden start, and then fiercely steeled himself for the brief sight of her.

He saw her first; for her queenly head was bowed and her fingers were deftly fastening a cluster of geranium leaves and several carnation pinks, to her bodice.

Harry stood still, watching her; looking at the trailing white puffed dress, with a wide blue sash knotted about her waist; a blue ribbon and white lace bow in her purple-black hair.

Then she raised her head slowly, with a smile hovering on her lips; she saw him, and the smile froze to an expression of surprise.

But there was not a vestige of embarrassment in her manner, appearance or language.

"Oh, Mr. Gordeloup! I suppose Mr. Clavering is in the library? How delightfully cool the air is growing."

So ladylike, so utterly forgetful! and yet there was a latent glow in her black eyes, and a deeper bloom on her cheeks than usual.

But Harry thought, in the second he stood without answering, it was natural, under the circumstances.

"Yes, it will be pleasant this evening, I think. You will find the old gentleman in the library."

He would have passed on, but she stretched out her arm—oh, how exquisite it was! with the open sleeve falling away above the elbow.

"How is this to be? Are you angry with me? I am very sure I am not with you."

There was the same luring melody in her voice that had taught him to forget Winnie St. Cyr; the same, no doubt, that had won the wealth of Edward Clavering. How he hated it, when he heard it, and knew it was for him no more!

"Angry? No. Miss Rothermel, I will pass."

There came a quick, angry gleam to her eyes again.

"Because I have done what was best, you insist on this haughty coldness? We might as well be friends—at least while we remain in the same house."

"I will not trouble the old man's house long, Miss Rothermel. After it passes into your hands, rest assured I shall never."

He was getting the best of her. They both knew that, every moment they stood there. Harry thought of it, with a proud anguish—for he loved her yet, in a vague, hateful way.

She realized it with wrath, that she had depended on her olden power over him, and had failed so signally.

When it passes into my hands, as you say, you will be afforded no opportunity to trouble Mr. Clavering and myself. As it is, I think when you learn Miss St. Cyr is hourly expected, you may alter your arrangements."

Harry knew by her bitterly sarcastic manner, that she expected him to be crushed, discomfited by the mention of that name; plainly as though she had declared her tactics, he knew she intended to drive him from Fernleigh, before Miss St. Cyr came, as a punishment for his ascendancy over her; and because she thought he would blush to meet her.

But, Harry was equal to the occasion; he forced a sudden surprised light to his eyes.

"Is that so? I would not miss seeing Winnie for all the attractions outside Fernleigh."

Lillian bit her lip; he was so invulnerable—he even called her "Winnie"! and how unspeakably handsome he was—and, how she worshipped him that very moment!

Her jealousy—poor, weak woman that she was, then came flaming to her lips.

"I dare say there will be no trouble in renewing the old relations. Perhaps you will crawl back to her?"

"Perhaps," he said, lightly, and turned on his heel, and left her standing there, utterly routed—defeated.

She compressed her lips so tightly that the blood receded, leaving them white and ghastly; a dull underglow of red was shining through the dusk of her eyes; then, no sound escaping her, she went on into the library; her face returning to its customary aristocratic delicateness, and sweetness of expression.

CHAPTER VI. A WOMAN'S ART.

LILLIAN glided softly in, so noiselessly that the old gentleman did not hear her. She laid her soft, warm hands on his eyes, and then laughed.

Mr. Clavering threw down the volume, and took her hands in his own, looking eagerly up in her face.

"And this is my answer, Lillian?"

"If you can interpret it—yes."

He let go her hands, and drawing her nearer him with his arm around her slender waist, kissed her cheek.

"I am not versed in the art of love-making, Lillian, but if the remainder of my days be devoted to your happiness, surely you will forgive the awkwardness of an old man? But, Lillian! beautiful Lillian, I love you—I certainly love you better than all the

world beside. And do you love me? can it be possible that you, so young, so charming, love me?"

She bent on him a look of mingled tenderness and reproach.

"Mr. Clavering, you do me injustice to harbor the possibility of such a thought. What better proof can I give of my respect and affection than by vowing to become your wife?"

"None! none! Then you are my betrothed, Lillian? And I may name an early day, a very early day, for our marriage?"

"That decision may rest with you, Mr. Clavering. I am ready at any time."

"Because I want to see you the mistress of Fernleigh, Lillian—miserably poor return, though, it is for all your goodness to me—because I often am so lonely and cheerless, do I want you, my darling?"

She smiled brightly.

"You will not have an opportunity of indulging in gloom when I shall have taken possession of you."

Her fondness seemed to touch his heart.

"Your womanly tenderness is such a prize. Lillian, do you know my heart aches for poor Harry?"

But she laid her fingers over his lips.

"No, Mr. Clavering, I will not allow you to mention that little romance of mine. Suffice it, that Mr. Gordeloup and I are entirely contented with the change of programme. Now, you will remember? or I shall show you still further what a terrible despot I am."

He kissed her hand caressingly.

"I never knew before how delicious a government a despotism could be."

"Then I've another command to issue. Will you agree to do what I request, blindly?"

"Blindly, my tyrant."

"Then," she said, dropping her bantering tone, and assuming one of kind, thoughtful seriousness, "it is regarding Miss St. Cyr. Miss Amy told me at lunch, she would be here to-day, very probably, and I see, from various reasons, that she and Mr. Gordeloup will be thrown very much together. I feel afraid Miss St. Cyr will endeavor to accomplish a renewal of the old relations between herself and Mr. Gordeloup. Now, I think it would be a wise arrangement, although I have learned from Miss Amy that you desire Winnie to marry Mr. Alvanley—that you never approved of her engagement to Harry."

"Yes, that is true: Winnie has really been promised to Lester Alvanley since she was a child. I desire that match above all things."

There came a sparkle to Lillian's eyes, that Mr. Clavering could not see; but her voice was just as gentle as ever.

"Then, since you wish it, dear Mr. Clavering, it shall be my purpose to have you obeyed—as it shall ever be my duty and pleasure to do."

Mr. Clavering smiled, delightedly.

"Do this, my Lillian, and I will never forget it! Make it your business to acquaint Winnie with my wishes; tell her I will dower her nobly the day she marries Lester Alvanley. Only, Lillian, dearest, there must be no coercion, you know. I love the child far too well to force her into a distasteful marriage."

"That would be terrible! No, Mr. Clavering, she must exercise her own will; my duty shall consist in convincing her judgment."

"Exactly, I will telegraph to Alvanley to come down for a month, and also talk to Harry about it. Harry's a fine fellow, Lillian; I wonder you could give him up for—"

Again the little white hand went playfully to his lips.

"You don't remember, sir. Once for all, Mr. Clavering, Harry Gordeloup is not to be compared with you!"

Her face was turned toward the open window, but the tones declared the comparison in her suitors' favor.

But those eyes—those dusk-red eyes—could Mr. Clavering have read their secrets, he would not have been flattered.

Suddenly Lillian concentrated her gaze upon a carriage driving up the road.

"It is the Fernleigh coach, Mr. Clavering—yes, I see there is a lady within. Miss St. Cyr, I presume. Now, I will go see if her room is all ready. I will meet you at dinner, Mr. Clavering!"

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her; when she turned to go away, a superb cluster of diamonds, blazing on her forehead, she raised it to her lips, and with a smile at him, she hastened up to her room, and from the broad shutters looked down on the young girl as she alighted from the coach; a strange, strange surveillance it was, too!

(To be continued.)

Overland Kit:

OR,
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. ALKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER X. THE ROAD-AGENTS.

THE branches of the pines clouded in the canyon, from their precarious footholds far up on the cliff-tops; they surged wildly in the ever-constant breeze that swept down along the valley.

On a level with the rude path which wound through the canyon, was a dark, ugly cavity in the side of the cliff, some six feet high by three wide. It was as if by some sudden and terrible convulsion of nature, the massive rock had been forced open.

One, pausing and looking with curiosity into the dark cavity, would have seen that the opening only extended in some ten feet, yet this dark cavity, apparently barred by massive rocks beyond, was the entrance to the cave which served Overland Kit and his band of road-agents for a head-quarters.

The cave itself was some twenty feet square. Through a hole in the roof, as big round as a barrel, came a stream of light which dimly illuminated the cavern.

Three rude couches of fragrant pine branches, over which were spread folded blankets, and a few cooking utensils, comprised the furniture of the robbers' retreat.

In one corner stood two horses. The road-agents and their steeds shared the same apartment.

Extended on the fragrant couches lay two brawny men. Their rough appearance, the revolvers strapped to their waists, and their general look told that they were members of Overland Kit's notorious band.

"Bout time for the cap'n, isn't it?" asked

the taller of the bandits, who answered to the name of Joe Rain.

"Yes," replied the other, who was called Jimmy Mullen.

"We had a pretty narrow squeeze last night; the blue-coats came within an ace of gathering us in. I thought that the captain was done for, sure."

"There's an old saying, you know about the man who is born to be hanged?" replied Jimmy, significantly.

"Yes, exactly; that applies to us, too, it strikes me."

"We're all in the same boat. We'll have to keep our eyes skinned now, for the hull country will be arter us. I s'pose the cap'n has gone to see what new dodge is up."

"Yes, I don't think, though, that all the soldiers between here and the Missouri river will be able to hunt us out of this hole."

"Your head's level, that!" exclaimed Jimmy. "This is the snuggest hiding-place in all the Reese river valley."

"The cap'n diskivered it hunting arter a b'ar, didn't he?" Joe asked.

"Yes; he wounded the critter in the canyon an' he run in hyer; the cap'n's blood were up an' he follered him in. Not being able to find the critter in the cleft of the rock, he, naturally, came to the conclusion that Mr. B'ar had a hole inside, somehow, which he had crept into. He had some matches in his pocket, so he jist struck a light and proceeded to examine. Sure enough, he found the hole which leads in hyer. 'Twant half as big then as it is now, for when the cap'n selected this for a head-quarters, he saw at once that he would have to have some place to keep the horses, in case the soldiers were clus' at our heels any time when we run into the canyon. So he jist set to work with a pick and made the hole big enough to get a horse through. Why, it would puzzle Old Nick himself to smell us out now. The hosses' hoofs don't leave any mark on the loose stones in the canyon, an' one would as soon believe that the animals had flown right up out of the cleft rock beyond."

"They hain't hunted us much yet, but it 'pears to me that now they will go for us all they know how," Joe said, thoughtfully.

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied the other. "I think it's 'bout time to quit. We've made enough already; enough to make us all gentlemen, East; why, we kin live like fighting-cocks!"

"There's a big reward offered for the cap'n," Joe observed, with a peculiar expression in his voice, and he cast a covert glance at Jimmy from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Ware hawk there, pard!" exclaimed the other, guessing at Joe's meaning at once. "Overland Kit is like a weasel; he'll never be taken asleep, and the chances are ten to one that if he could be captivated, he'd get out of it afore they tightened the rope around his neck. It would take ten dead sight more money than is offered for his hide now, to make me risk my precious carcass in attempting to take him. He's jist chain-lightning with his wepons."

"Who is the cap'n, anyway?" asked Joe, suddenly.

"There, pard, you've got me; I'll never tell you," replied Jimmy, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Hain't that a wig he's got on; and a false beard, too?"

"Well, they don't look very natural; you don't often see a man with jet-black hair and blue eyes, you know."

"What do you suppose he wears 'em for?"

"To keep folks from knowing him, of course; it's a cute dodge. I've a sort of an idea that our cap'n amounts to something, else he wouldn't be so anxious to keep himself disguised," Jimmy said, with a knowing air.

"He's smart enough to be somebody, anyway."

"That's so, old man; you never said a truer word," Jimmy exclaimed.

"Hark!" cried Joe, suddenly, rising to a sitting posture as he spoke.

"What is it?" asked Jimmy, also rising, and laying his hand upon the butt of a revolver.

"The sound of a hoss's hoofs, coming up the canyon," replied the other.

"It must be the cap'n."

The sound of the hoofs ringing out clear upon the rocky way of the canyon, could be distinctly heard.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and at last, Overland Kit, leading his horse by the bridle, entered the cave.

"Come at last, cap'n!" Joe said, as Kit placed his horse by the side of the other two at the end of the cave.

"Yes," the leader of the road-agents replied, seating himself on the empty couch of pines.

"What's the news?" Joe asked.

"Bad; in a few days the whole country from here to Austen will be after us. Judge Jones has been stirring up the miners and the express company has put the United States troops upon our trail. They're going to hunt us down, boys, as if we were wolves."

"What's to be done?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Vamoose!" replied Kit, acconically.

"Levant, eh?" Joe said.

"That's our game; there's no use blinking at the truth. They will make this section altogether too hot to hold us. Sooner or later they'll track us here; and then the game is up; Judge Lynch will take a hand and we shall be strung up to some tall pines by way of ornamenting the landscape."

"Well, we haven't done badly, considering that we haven't collected toll in these parts very long," said Jimmy, with a grin.

"We have enough, boys, to make us all comfortable. We can return to civilized life; try and be honest men again, although I don't know as it's possible for a man to prosper on ill-gotten gains," Kit said, quietly.

"Then our little partnership is ended," Jimmy remarked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for it," Joe said, reflectively. "We've made some money, and with mighty little trouble."

"Yes, and our gold is not stained with blood; we have gone for the express company and the rich men alone, and they're able to stand the loss. Now, we'll divide what gold-dust we have here, shake hands and say good-by. If we should ever meet again, it's perhaps better that we three should be as strangers to each other," Kit said.

"Well, I'm agreeable," Joe remarked.

"So am I!" exclaimed Jimmy; "for my part I'm going to get out of this part of the country as soon as possible. I shall put for

the East. I've got money enough to make me comfortable for the rest of my days, and I think I've had all the rough work that I want."

"You are acting wisely," and now I have a request to make," Kit said.

"Spit it out!" Joe exclaimed.

"The secret of this cave I wish preserved. I ask of you two to keep it locked within your breasts. Do not speak of it to any one. There may come a time when this place will again afford me shelter; no man can tell what will happen, you know. Will you promise to keep the secret?"

"You kin depend upon me, cap'n" exclaimed Joe.

"And on me, too!" chimed in the other.

"Good; that is all I ask. If you'll take my advice, boys, you won't go anywhere near Austen, and swap your horses off as soon as possible. Our animals are better known than we are ourselves. I don't know but what it would pay us to kill them outright and leave them in the canyon for the wolves."

"Perhaps it would be the best thing to do," Joe said, thoughtfully. "A man's neck is worth a heap more than a hoss."

"Well, act your own pleasure," Kit observed. "Now for the division."

Then from under a huge stone, which concealed a cavity in the rocky floor of the cave, the leader of the road-agents drew some canvas bags filled with gold-dust. From his pocket he took a pair of small scales and weighed the dust into three equal portions. This done, he put each portion up in a bag and handed one apiece to Joe and Jimmy. The third he kept himself.

"That's settled, and now, partners, good-by; take my advice and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

The three then led their horses out of the cave and through the cleft rock into the canyon.

A moment they wrung each other's hands, and then they parted, Joe and Jimmy going north through the canyon, while Kit went south toward the valley road.

THE STAR.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

There's a lovely star
That shines on high;
It gleams afar
In the fretted sky.
In the midnight watch,
When Nature sleeps,
In the still catch
Of the starry deeps.
When the moon is hung,
And her silvery light
O'er the world is flung,
From her lonely height.
When the stars peep out
In the heavenly air;
And the winds make rout
With a wild despair.
When the forests moan
With their rustling leaves
In an undertone;
And their green arch heave,
When the rain sweeps
Through the dreary glen;
And slumber creeps
O'er the hearts of men.
In the hour of night
I gaze on high
To that star so bright,
In its home, the sky.
And as I lie
In the arms of sleep,
My dreamy eye
Takes a farewell peep.

Strange Stories.

THE STRANGLERS OF IND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

As I lay on the low couch, rudely constructed out of bamboo-sticks, hardly wide enough for me to turn over on, a strange, peculiar perfume floated on the air and seemed destined to fill my senses to sweet forgetfulness.

The perfume probably came from some blossoming shrub in the jungle near by, agitated by the gentle breeze that stirred the tree-tops.

Through the window I could plainly see the green branches swaying in the gentle breeze.

Night was coming on; the gloom was thickening over the plain and in the jungle. In the dim, uncertain light, the green branches seemed like giant hands, beckoning me forth from the hut that gave me shelter.

My senses were reeling. I was in a wild, sweet dream of joy. It was a sort of delicious intoxication, produced—not by liquor, for I had only quaffed a thimbleful of brandy from my flask—but by the subtle, mystic incense that filled the air and held captive every sense.

And now for a little explanation how I came to be lying in a lonely hut in the depth of a dense jungle in the province of Nepaul, Hindostan, in the year 1857.

My name is Edward Percy, a younger son of one of the best families in all England; my rank, lieutenant in her majesty's 10th Rifles.

At present, bearing dispatches from Brigadier Inglis, commanding at Lucknow, to Colonel Ashcroft, commanding the "Hill" Station of Khatmandu.

Although of course ignorant of the contents of the dispatches that I was bearing, still it was not difficult to guess their import. All India was like one great mass of glowing coal that a single breath of air might fan into a blaze, to extinguish which, would cost thousands of lives.

As the post of Khatmandu was up in the hill country—so the region, lying under the shadows of the peaks of the Himalaya mountains was commonly called—isolated from all other military stations, naturally, in the event of an outbreak, the garrison could not be easily relieved if attacked. Therefore, I surmised that I bore orders for Colonel Ashcroft to abandon the position.

Now, the natural question is, what was I doing in the middle of a jungle, some fifteen miles east of the point to which my duty called me?

I will explain. After crossing the Gunduck river, not quite a hundred miles from my destination, I had pushed forward rapidly; made forty miles that day—it was terribly hot and I spared my horse all that I could; stopped at a bungalow that night, and started at next daybreak, hoping to make the fifty odd miles between that and Khatmandu by nightfall. My good gray mare was a thoroughbred, and game to the backbone, as fine a beast as ever was pressed by a soldier's knees.

"But the best-laid plans of mice and men oft gang a-gley," and at four in the afternoon, when some fifteen or twenty miles from Khatmandu, my mare suddenly became lame. I dismounted and examined the hoof, thinking that a thorn, perhaps, had caused the lameness. An earnest search produced no thorn, however.

As I stood in the little road, that was hardly more than a footpath for the horse, surveying the horse and indulging in a few "gentle" expressions regarding the accident, a native—a tall, copper-colored beggar—came along the road. From him I inquired where I could find shelter for the night. I knew that it was of no use to think of pushing on, lame as my horse was.

The Hindoo conducted me by a narrow path to a bungalow in the depths of the jungle.

The native put my horse up in a little shed in the rear of the hut, and said, confidently, that he would be well in the morning. Then he prepared supper for me. I ate heartily, and then a drowsy feeling creeping over me—which I did not wonder at, for I had been in the saddle since day-break—I laid down upon the cane settee. The Hindoo retired, apparently turning himself out of house and home to accommodate me; I was left alone to drink in the strange, sweet perfume that filled the air.

I had served three years in India, and had become pretty well used to the climate and the people, yet, in all my experience, I had never before felt the effects of the insidious influence that now seemed to be stealing my senses away from me one by one.

Of course, I understood that I was very tired, that sleep was creeping over me, and that the sensation was very pleasant.

I closed my eyes, dreamily; but, though my eyes were closed, still I seemed to be able to see. A wonderful occurrence took place. One of the trees of the jungle, that had been waving its green arms toward me, trying to coax me out from the shelter of the bungalow, finding that its effects were fruitless, moved gently, with a gliding motion toward me! It quitted its jungle brothers, crossed the little open space that intervened between the bungalow and the thicket, then

entered the room through the window. It was not fancy, for I could hear the rustling of the leaves by my side, and then I felt their soft, dewy kiss upon my fevered forehead!

Though I had witnessed all this with closed lids—the knowledge of what was happening around me reaching my senses without their aid—yet now, a powerful impulse came over me to open my eyes.

It was terribly hard work! Each eyelid seemed weighed down with lead, and sealed for all eternity.

But, at last, I succeeded. Slowly they opened to the dim, dusky light that surrounded me.

I had not dreamed; the tree stood by my side; I had felt the full, moist lips upon my temple; but the tree was a young Hindoo girl, with eyes black as night; lips red as coral; and a dusky skin so fine that it plainly betrayed the red blood leaping within the veins beneath.

Had I been of the Moslem faith, I should have believed that, in my dream, I had passed from life and awakened in Paradise, with one of Allah's angels by my side.

"The sahib is in danger," the girl murmured, in accents so soft and sweet, that they seemed like liquid music.

I opened my lips to reply, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Some powerful influence, terrible in its subtle strength, forbade utterance.

I saw that the girl noticed the movement of my lips.

"You can not speak?"
Though it was the truth and I wanted to say so very much, I could not syllable even a simple "yes." I would nod it, then; but upon attempting this movement, I found that I had no more power over my head than over my organs of speech. The attempt was a failure. My brain seemed to be the only portion of me that was in working order.

"Can you rise?" she asked, an anxious expression upon her face.
I strove to express by my eyes the utter impossibility of any such proceeding. I think I succeeded in so doing.

"You have been drugged; the sahib will be near death before the night is over."

This was pleasant intelligence to a man who could not move hand or foot. The cold perspiration burst out in large drops upon my forehead.

The sahib has heard of the Brothers of the Silken Cord? He is in their power. Achmet, the Hindoo who conducted the sahib hither, is a chief of the Brothers."



A SISTER'S VENGEANCE.

The peril of my situation now flashed upon me in an instant. Often had I heard the story of the strange Hindoo sect, whose religion was to strangle all that came within their power—who killed not for plunder alone; the rites of their religion demanded human sacrifices.

The English government had made vigorous attempts to destroy the stranglers and had almost succeeded; still, some straggling bands of the Brothers of the Silken Cord, as the murderers called themselves, still existed, although hunted down like wolves.

I, then, was in the power of the terrible Thugs! the men who strangled the life from their victims, with a silken cord!

I felt the girl had spoken the truth; I had been drugged. The subtle power that had robbed my muscles of their strength and paralyzing all but my brain, came—not from the scented shrubs of the Indian jungle—but from some drug administered in the food of which I had partaken. The peculiar perfume existed only in my fevered imagination.

"Near to death!" Simple words but how terrible their import.

"They come!" the girl murmured, hastily. "Gulnare will save the sahib if she can. The stranglers will not kill the sahib here, but in the jungle. Let the sahib pray within his heart to his God to aid the Hindoo girl."

Then, with a bound as light as the red deer springing over the Scotch heather, she leaped through the window and disappeared within the jungle.

The green branches waved like nodding plumes as if in joy at holding the dark-hooded beauty in their embraces.

The regular, though sluggish pulsations of my heart marked the time like the ticking of a clock.

Involuntarily I counted the throbs, the grim knowledge searing my brain that each throb brought me a second nearer to my death.

If I had had ten or twenty years of life before me, this fact would not have afforded me any anxiety; but when, instead of years, my life was measured by hours, perhaps by minutes, the torture was terrible.

A light step broke the silence; my hearing had become painfully acute; then into the room stole six dusky forms. The treacherous Hindoo, Achmet, led them.

The six ranged themselves around my couch and glared upon me with joyous eyes.

At a sign from their leader, four of the Hindoos placed themselves one at each corner of the bamboo couch. They lifted it

from the floor, and with slow and measured tread, bore me from the bungalow into the jungle.

As we passed under the green arches of the hanging branches, it seemed as if the gates of the tomb had closed upon me.

Silently, with noiseless tread, they bore me through the jungle. At last we halted in a little opening; we had been following a narrow path, hardly discernible amid the luxuriant foliage.

The Hindoos rested the couch upon the soft earth. Then I noticed that one of the stranglers had remained behind, for only four besides the chief, Achmet, were now with me.

A short time they remained motionless, apparently waiting for their comrade. At last, the chief began to show signs of impatience. He was apparently annoyed at the delay. Then into the opening, with catlike step, the other Hindoo came, a scowl upon his swarthy face.

Briefly he told the chief that my horse had disappeared; at which all the band greatly wondered. As I gathered from their conversation, their high priest was some ten miles off and they wished him to assist at my death. As the horse was gone, Achmet dispatched the Hindoo on foot to summon the stranger priest.

Some few hours, then, before the end would come. The Hindoos squatted down upon the ground and waited with that peculiar, silent resignation so common to the Eastern nations.

The full, round moon rose slowly in the heavens as hour succeeded hour; its beams penetrated the branch-laced roof under which I lay, and the dim light lit up the little opening. All the nameless noises of the jungle rung in my ears with startling earnestness.

The Hindoos remained silent and motionless as statues. They seemed more like brazen images than living men.

All of a sudden, as if actuated by a common thought, they sprang to their feet, drew their weapons and glared in watchfulness upon the circle of green that surrounded the opening.

My first thought was that a tiger was approaching; but a bright flash of flame from the jungle, followed by the ringing report of a dozen muskets and a hearty English cheer, told me that rescuing friends were at hand. Then around me shone the red coats and white havelocks of Colonel Ashcroft's regiment.

I was saved!
Two of the Hindoos, including Achmet,

presently emerged upon the street, further equipped with cane and cigar.

After sauntering leisurely around a short time, he seized the arm of a new acquaintance and departed. A short ramble brought the pair to a large three-story house with closed blinds. A peculiar rap admitted them into a commodious, richly-furnished and brilliantly-lighted apartment, where a goodly number of men were "fighting the tiger."

Brighton threw himself before an unoccupied table, and called for wine.

His command was promptly obeyed, and while he was filling the chased goblets, a handsome and beardless youth entered the room and dropped into an opposite seat.

"You are punctual, Mr. Browncliffe," said Brighton, addressing the new-comer, with a smile.

"I never break my word," was the rejoinder, in a melodious tone.

"If you drank, sir, I would proffer you the juice of the grape," resumed the returned tourist. "But, as you have refused my kindness so often, I will not press it upon you to-night. There, Willard, set away the flagons for the present. I know that Mr. Browncliffe is eager to handle the 'pasteboards.'"

"And be kissed by the fickle goddess," supplemented the youth, with a silvery laugh.

"We shall see," said Brighton, producing a pack of flexible ivory cards.

A minute later the game was at its height. Young Browncliffe swept one thousand dollars from the table.

Again and again the cards were dealt, ever with the same disheartening result to Brighton.

At last he sprang from the table, and grasped his companion's arm.

"Let us go, Willard," he cried, glaring at his antagonist with bloodshot eyes. "Tis useless—utterly useless—to play against one who is leagued with the fiends of darkness to beat me. I do not possess five hundred dollars to my name." These words were whispered in Willard Holcomb's ears. "Curse you, curse you forever!" he hissed, turning to the youth, who regarded him with a faint smile. "You had best leave the city. I don't know what I might do. Come, boy!"

Passing his arm through that of his companion, Alphonse Brighton hurried from the tiger's den, terribly mangled by the beast.

George Browncliffe disappears forever to mortal view to-night," murmured the

After committing the missive to Xenophon, with instructions that it should be placed in the beauty's hands at as early an hour as practicable, the following morning, Brighton submitted his boots to the brush, and sought his chamber.

"She will not refuse to see me," he murmured, seating himself at the window, to watch the first glimmerings of dawn in the east. "The conquest will be an easy one. And when I clutch her gold, having soiled her plumage, too, why, I'll leave her!"

The morning was not far advanced when Xenophon dropped the anxiously-expected *billet-doux* into the gambler's hand.

Miss Tremaine would meet him in her own apartment at two P. M.

The hour arrived, Brighton presented himself, and, to all outward manifestations, produced a favorable impression.

Days waned, and the twain at the St. James became inseparable companions.

Alphonse was entranced with her loveliness, and, when alone, vowed that she was too fair—too innocent, to destroy. But he did not alter his fiendish determination. The wolf does not spare the lamb because it is beautiful and innocent.

Alphonse possessed the nature of the unsparing wolf.

He found Rosa Tremaine potter's clay in his hands. He whispered of the delights of the marriage state, and she accepted the offer of the vilest heart in Christendom.

At length the wedding-day came. It was the beauty's desire that the ceremony should be performed in the spacious parlor of the hotel, and Alphonse, glowing over his success, willingly acceded.

A sultry afternoon in August found the rich rooms crowded to overflowing with invited guests. The *élite* of the city thronged the hall, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

At length the momentous time arrived. The surprised servant of God opened the book of church rites, and stepped nearer the handsome couple.

"Do you take this man to be your wedded lord?"

"No!" shrieked the half-made bride, drawing a glittering object from her bosom. "I have sworn to take his life on the threshold of his success—he whose sister to heaven before her time. Murderer, I am Julia Coleman!"

And before a hand could be raised, she buried the steel in the libertine's heart.

She drew it forth, reeking with blood, to strike again; but a guest plucked her arms to her side, and the wildest confusion reigned.

Alphonse Brighton was borne to his chamber, when an examination proved his wound to be mortal. And when the clock proclaimed the hour of midnight, an unrepentant soul put off from the sable shore.

But, before death closed his eyes forever, he declared his doom just, and begged that the beautiful avenger be set at liberty.

She was never arraigned for the retributive crime.

It afterward transpired that she and Edgar Browncliffe were the same person, and that old Xenophon was her tool.

One night, several weeks after the tragedy, a lovely girl whispered, in response to the all-important question:

"George, I will wed now. Maggie is avenged."

And handsome George Garfield took to his heart and home the beauty of the St. James.

Grace Hadley's Decision.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Yes, it is a matter of the greatest importance," and, as she said so, Grace Hadley's grave, brown eyes went in thoughtful wandering over the blossoming buckwheat field that lay, a cream-white banner, over the earth.

A little amused smile was creeping around John Vane's eyes; he was a man you seldom saw laugh with his lips; when he did, it was like a sudden sun-burst over dark storm-clouds, so stern and grave was his face; so glorifying and radiant was the smile that disclosed, momentarily, his fine teeth.

Now, as his eyes followed Grace Hadley's in her roaming search over the whitening expanse that moved and swayed in the fresh, cool breeze, a comical little smile crept to them, and he bent his head toward her, in a fashion peculiarly his own.

"Miss Grace, I am very grateful to you for even that concession to my opinion."

She flushed a little, and then looked up at him, with a slight frown.

"I do not say it because I mean to agree with you, but that I really think so. Marriage is an important matter, and the way in which so many of the girls are contracting it, seems to me not only heedless and careless, but downright wicked. I assure you I—"

Then, because John Vane was actually smiling, with his handsome mouth, too, at her eager, trembling rush of language, Grace stopped short, and blushed, and looked away out the window again.

But John Vane's eyes did not follow after hers this time; they suddenly grew luminous with an infinite, yearning tenderness, and he deliberately put out his arm and drew her quickly, strongly against him, and kissed her twice, thrice, and yet again, and right on her red, proud lips, too.

It was a strange thing for him to do—staid, grave Doctor Vane—who never had spoken a word of affection to Grace, or any one else that she ever had known.

So Grace struggled in his strong, loving, willful embrace, her cheeks growing hotter every moment, and her sweet, cool breath coming to her lover's face like an odorous zephyr.

"Dr. Vane! how—what do you mean?"

Her sharp, curt words had a marvelous effect upon him; like an arrow, his hands released her, and a gloom gathered where the bright tenderness had been.

"Grace! Grace! I was so sure you were mine! the dream has been so delicious that I never doubted the awakening. You are not angry with me, my own darling?"

How her woman's heart leaped and thrilled! This man of all men had come to bluish for her, my pretty, lovely heroine, because she remembered that this lord she loved was only a physician with a comfortable practice!

Need I follow the train of lightning thought and the incredible resolve—oh! so pitiable?

For one moment she suffered him to wait upon her words; then, looking carelessly out on the swaying blossoms—somehow they

the leader of the assassin band, were killed outright; one was terribly wounded, and the other two escaped in the jungle, whose tangled boughs forbade pursuit.

The girl, Gulnare, had mounted my lame mare, first extracting the thorn from her foot, which her keen eyes had detected, though mine had failed to do so; rode to Khatmandu and brought my comrades to my rescue.

It was many a long week before I forgot the peril of that night or the Stranglers of Ind.

A Sister's Vengeance;
OR,
THE BEAUTY OF THE ST. JAMES.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

ALPHONSE BRIGHTON had returned from an extensive continental tour, and was registered at the St. James, the aristocratic house of the Southern city.

Possessing a symmetrical form and handsome features, and being, to all outward appearances, exceedingly wealthy, he soon attracted considerable attention, which increased until he found himself the "observed of all observers."

Fashion's belles sought and obtained presentation to the new arrival, who lavished money and marked attention upon them without stint, and finally it was rumored that he and the fairest heiress on—avenue were soon to be wed.

It was love at first sight, Madame Rumor further whispered, and journalists prepared themselves to do justice to the approaching matrimonial event.

Alphonse Brighton stood before his mirror one balmy evening in June, arranging his silken cravat with studied nicety.

"So the papers are going to have me wed Miss Willard?" he smiled. "Why, I never thought of such a thing! But, let them blow. It will only increase my popularity. I shall leave this city as soon as I accomplish the designs upon which my heart is set. I saw, this eve, the angelic inmate of room 89. Why does she throw herself in my path so repeatedly, yet refuse an introduction? Ah! she would elevate my admiration and curiosity to the highest, and then draw nearer me."

Regarding her, the host and his clerks are dumb, and the register tells nothing. By Jove! I can stand this suspense no longer. I will—no, 'tis too late now. I must wait till morning."

Having gracefully donned his exquisite lavender kids, he left the chamber, and

youth, quietly rising to his feet; "but another, who will complete your ruin, Alphonse Brighton, takes his place. This night has witnessed the beginning of the end."

As the speaker ceased, he glanced at the dial of his tiny chronometer and left the apartment.

It was near day when the beaten gamester reached the hotel. As he stepped into the hall he looked at his watch.

"Xenophon must be at work," he muttered. "Now is my time."

He walked hurriedly toward the further end of the corridor, threw wide a door, and descended several steps into a room where was heard the peculiar and pleasant sound of the blacking brush.

A multitudinous collection of boots filled a long counter and capacious basket. The apartment was dimly lighted by a candle stuck in the mouth of a bottle, and behind the counter stood a spectacled African, busily engaged upon a boot.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Brighton," said Xenophon, recognizing his intruder. "Ye've come yourself, eh? I could find yer boots, an' so I 'lowed ye'd gone an' went out."

"Yes, I have been out, Xenophon," returned Brighton. "You may shine my boots up when you have finished those in the basket. I am in no particular hurry. By the way, who is that lady in room 89?"

"Who is she?" ejaculated the negro. "De Lord knows."

Brighton was satisfied, nevertheless, that Xenophon knew.

He quickly drew a "V" from his pocket, and placed it on the darky's brush.

"Now tell, Xenophon."

"Lord! how lib'ral!" exclaimed the black, making the white of his eyes very conspicuous.

"Who wouldn't tell all dey knowed, an' mo', too, fur dat?" She am Miss Rosa Tremaine, from New Orleans. Her father was a big senator once; but he's dead now."

"Is she rich?"

"If dis city war nothin' but St. Jameses, why, bless yer soul, Mr. Brighton, she could buy dem all. An' I se gwine tew tell ye suthin' else. She's dead in lub wid ye!"

"With me, Xenophon?" cried the gamester, feigning astonishment. "Nonsense!"

"I t'ot'ed talk dat way. But, nebbberdless, it am a fact. Haven't I spied her peepin' throo de blinds at ye?"

"True?"

"As de gospel!" Brighton believed his sable informer, and lost no time in penciling the following upon a leaf of his memorandum:

"MISS TREMAINE—Will you not receive an ador to morrow? Please answer by bearer, June 23d, 186— ALPHONSE BRIGHTON."

were distasteful to her, of a sudden—she laughed; a low, thrilling music, but that sent a booming knell to John Vane's heart.

"I had not the remotest idea of such a thing, Doctor Vane. We have always been such good friends that I hoped—hoped to escape from this."

Oh, how cruel, how heartless! and yet every word she uttered was a dagger in her own heart.

And Doctor John Vane compressed his handsome, firm lips, and echoed her words in his heart.

"Escape from his love!" And had it all come to that? All ended in this girl he had idolized telling him she had hoped to "escape" from him?

He was a man used to conceal his emotions, save when he suffered himself to give up to them. A moment ago, he had shown Grace, his darling, how he loved her; now he would not let her know how she had mortally wounded him.

"I was awkward. I beg your pardon, Miss Hadley."

That closed it all; from that hour he never varied from his frigid courtesy to her when they met, and it was often.

And Grace?

"I would like to know what is going on up at the Vane's. There's been three surgeons there all the morning, and such a running and confusion I never saw."

Annie Hadley, the fifteen year old sister of demure Grace, came flying into the room, all aflame with the startling news; her eyes bright as stars, her hair standing in untamable curls all over her head.

Grace started, and her sewing fell from her fingers.

"Surgeons at Doctor Vane's! Annie, what can it be for? Perhaps his mother has been hurt."

How her heart was jerking away; it seemed every drop of blood from her body was surging through her head; her ears hummed as if a swarm of bees had taken possession internally.

"No, it ain't either, for I saw old Mrs. Vane crying at the bedroom window—"

Grace sprung from her chair.

"Heavens, it must be that he is killed! Oh, Annie! Annie!"

And she burst into tears, so anguished that her sister stood in open-eyed surprise.

"I'm sure it's very bad, Grace, but I don't see why you need cry over him. He's awful cross and hateful, I think."

"Hush! go up to the house and learn what is the matter."

She had dried her eyes, and was calm and pale, and sat resolutely down by the window to await the certain news.

It was a season of keenest grief to her, this waiting to know whether or not the man she loved, whom she had so cruelly used, had gone beyond the reach of her penitent voice.

She had been sorry for it, time and again, but now it came home to her with awful force, and in the silent agony of her heart she prayed, as she never had prayed before, for his life, if it was threatened.

Then Annie came rushing in again, wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Oh, Grace, I saw Doctor Jeffries just coming out, and I asked him. There's an awful crowd up there, and they're all going on awful!"

Grace sat and waited for the news to come, with a stolid patience, that bore with the child's enthusiastic story.

"He is all cut and smashed, and Doctor Jeffries says he's unconscious, and it'll only be a miracle if he ever comes to again. He sent me up to Aunt Judy's to get her to come down and take care of him, but she's sick, and they're hunting all over for a nurse."

Grace got up very quietly.

"Annie, you can tell me I have gone to take care of Doctor Vane. Tell her he is dearer to me than all the world beside, and that I shall either see him die, and she swallowed a sob, or hear him tell me he has forgiven me."

And Annie listened, unconsciously, awestricken by the solemn grandeur in Grace's tones, and watched her up the street as she walked rapidly and firmly to the door of Doctor Vane's office.

It seemed very natural for Grace Hadley to go to assist poor old Mrs. Vane, who had so much cool nerve and was so unlike most girls of her age; and so while the stricken mother blessed her for her unwearied care of her only son, the mother of the brave-hearted girl prayed for her daughter, as only a mother can, that she might come out of this cloud with rejoicing.

The new year had come in, attired in its royal ermine robes, with its crown of frost-jewels, its icicle scepter; and then, in the warm, darkened room, a group of awfully anxious watchers awaited the crisis. Another hour, and it would be known whether the tide of John Vane's life drifted lifeward or eternallyward.

A solemn silence reigned as they watched his face, and each other's faces; and then, with Doctor Jeffries' fingers on his own wrist, and his eyes on his open watch, there came a long, long sigh from John Vane's lips; a shiver, and he opened his eyes with the light of reason in them, and smiled at his mother, who was kneeling beside him.

And then, with a low, piteous wail, Grace Hadley sunk on her knees, and caught his hand, kissing it over and over again.

Doctor Vane looked down in surprise; his lips quivered a moment, and then his eyes took in a glorious, thankful light.

"Grace! my Grace! my Grace!" He faintly whispered the name in an adoring tone, and feebly raised his hand and laid it on her head.

"Mother—your daughter!"

It was all the explanation ever made, but there were tears in those strong man's eyes as they read the rapture in his, the sweet, penitent love in Grace Hadley's fair face.

"He'll get well now, fast enough," said Doctor Jeffries. "Let him have Miss Grace with him whenever he wants her; for, under God, she has greatly aided in saving his life."

And Grace, with a tearful, solemn joy, decided that life without John Vane would be worse than death with him.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; on the breeze that rocks the flower upon the stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon its deep chambers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun, that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

Valerie's Victory

BY JENNIE LEIGH.

"I HAVE not seen any smoke from widow Thomas' cottage to-day. Some of them may be sick. I think I shall run over there and see."

Valerie Reynour looked up in surprise. "Why, Margaret, it is almost dark, and looks like rain every moment. Had you not better wait till to-morrow?"

"No, dear. I think not. I am a rapid walker, you know, and can get back before it is really dark. So good-by, little cousin, and do not get lonely while I am gone."

But Valerie turned her bright eyes quickly away, and did not return the kiss pressed on her pale olive cheek. She was thinking how happy and useful Margaret's life was, while hers—well, it was hard to be orphaned and homeless, to lie day after day on a bed of pain and weariness.

The door closed softly and Margaret was gone. Valerie watched her in the deepening twilight, noting the rapid, graceful step, the calm, self-poised manner. Yes, Margaret was very fair and sweet, and it was not strange she should win the heart Valerie would have died to gain.

The door closed softly and Margaret was gone. Valerie watched her in the deepening twilight, noting the rapid, graceful step, the calm, self-poised manner. Yes, Margaret was very fair and sweet, and it was not strange she should win the heart Valerie would have died to gain.

Miss Reynour, Miss Reynour, mother told me to come over and tell your folks not to go to widow Thomas' for they're down with the small-pox over there, and the doctor told mother to send word to the neighbors!"

The little barefooted, tow-headed urchin thrust his head in at the door while he delivered his message, and then he was alone again.

The small-pox! that meant disfigurement, loss of beauty and strength, perhaps life, and Margaret was on her way to that. Well, what if she let her go on? Then at least their chances would be more nearly equal—then she might have some hope of winning Doctor Phillips' love.

It seemed an eternity she sat there, combating the terrible, deadly temptation. Then, with a shudder she sprang up, calling aloud:

"Johnny, Johnny! oh, it is too late, and I—merciful Heaven! in my heart I have been a murderer!"

The old clock ticked dimly in the corner, and Valerie felt as if she had grown ages older in the last few seconds. Grandmother's knitting-needles flashed brightly in the kitchen firelight, but she, alas! was deaf and helpless. Then a turn in the road brought Margaret's figure in view again, moving swiftly and surely to her doom. Was there no help, no way to save Margaret?

Yes, there was one way. Valerie remembered a narrow footpath that wound around the ravine, almost overgrown with briars and wild vines, lonely and desolate enough. Yes, that path cut off more than half the distance to the cottage, and she might yet get there before Margaret and warn her of her danger.

She heeded not pain and weariness, felt not the chill rain nor the high night wind that lashed her long black hair against neck and face. On she struggled, impelled by one motive, to save Margaret and win again the peace and innocence she had lost, or die in the attempt.

Even Margaret, strong of nerve as she was, started as Valerie's white figure loomed before her in the darkness.

"Margaret, you must not go in. They have the small-pox there and I have come to tell you—"

Then the fictitious strength gave way, and Valerie sunk unconscious to the ground. With a face almost as white as Valerie's Margaret bent over her.

"Valerie, my poor darling, and you have risked your life to save mine!"

"Miss Grant—Margaret, how came you here?"

She raised her eyes and saw Doctor Phillips coming toward her.

Oh, how welcome his presence was just then. Scarcely heeding Margaret's broken explanations, he lifted Valerie's little form in his strong arms, and in a few moments she was lying on her bed at home.

When she again opened her eyes to the world of realities, roses and geraniums were blooming in the windows and the spring sunshine was flooding the room. All looked bright and sweet, and Margaret sat sewing near at hand.

Valerie breathed her name softly. With a little cry of joy Margaret came to her.

"Thank God, you are better, my darling!"

"Oh, Margaret, you must not be so kind to me. I have been so wicked and ungrateful; you would hate me if you knew all."

"Dear little cousin, I do know all. You have told it over many times since you have been sick, and—"

"You can care for me still, Margaret?"

"I can care for you still."

The red blood dyed Valerie's cheek.

"Margaret, does Doctor Phillips know, too?"

"No, dear. And now, Valerie, I have something to tell you. In a few months I'm to be the wife of Doctor Phillips' brother, whom I have loved for two years, and my little cousin, if she will, is to share my Western home with me."

Margaret to be married, and not to Doctor Phillips! Oh, could it be that—but she would not listen to the sweet suggestion, she who had proved herself so unworthy, who had thought to gain his love at such a fearful price. No, the least she could do was to resign all thoughts of self and rejoice in Margaret's happiness.

"I am so glad, and you will be very happy, Margaret."

"I hope so, dear, but you have talked too much already, and now you must go to sleep."

When Valerie awoke, Margaret was gone, and Doctor Phillips had taken her place.

"My little patient is so much better to-day that I am half-tempted to let prudence go and tell her what I have wanted to say so long."

Valerie's face flushed, but she could not answer, and he went on:

"Valerie, my darling, I think you must know that I love you. Now that Margaret's wedding-day is fixed, I want to ask you if, when she goes to her new home, you will not come to mine?"

Valerie covered her face with her little wasted hands.

"Oh, do not ask me, Doctor Phillips. I can not, I can not!"

"You can not?" he repeated. "Oh, Valerie, why can you not, when I love you so well?"

"I am so unworthy; I have no right to be happy, to—"

"No right to be happy? you unworthy? Why, Valerie, what can you mean?"

With fearful, downcast eyes she told him of the temptation that had come to her, and how in a moment of rebellion at her lot she had sinned so deeply.

He listened to her gravely and tenderly. "You exaggerate your fault, poor child. You overcame the temptation and risked your life to save hers."

"And yet for one moment I listened to the awful suggestion!"

"We are all liable to temptation, Valerie, and are not responsible for it. It is in the resisting or yielding that the victory or defeat lies, and my darling is worthy of any man's love."

Valerie's pale face radiated beautiful sunshine, and as her wistful eyes rested upon the doctor's hand that clasped her own, she murmured:

"To be your wife is a bliss I never dared to think possible."

But it was possible, for the beautiful girl, under the inspiration of her love and the doctor's skill, became strong again, and now, as the very queen of women, reigns in the city as the beloved Mrs. Doctor Phillips.

The Detective's Ward:

OR, THE FORTUNES OF A BOWERY GIRL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NEEL, THE ORANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LEAP IN THE DARK.

LILLIAN listened until she heard the footsteps of the rough dying away in the distance. A few moments she remained fixed as a statue, lost in thought. She felt sure that the rough had lied to her regarding the distance she was from New York.

"It can not be possible that I could be carried so many miles—by railroad, of course—and then by boat transported to this island, without my knowledge. True, by means of a powerful drug they rendered me insensible, but it was about ten o'clock when I went to my room last night, and when I recovered my senses here, the daylight had not come. That proves that my swoon could not have lasted many hours. No, I feel sure that I am not many miles from New York, and when the night comes, I will make a desperate effort to escape from this place. Though I have grown to be quite a lady, in a few days, as Rocky says, he shall find that I have not changed in spirit in the least."

With this determination, Lillian sat down and ate up her breakfast. She knew that she would need all her strength in the attempt that she was resolved to make to escape from the hands of her captors, and fastening was not the way to preserve it.

Having finished the bread and coffee, she drew the chair to the window and amused herself by looking out upon the river.

Wistfully she watched the water-craft sailing upon the bosom of the tide. She longed for the wings of a bird that she might fly far from her foes.

As she sat by the window, a little steamboat came puffing round the point, that ran out into the stream. She could just discern the name on the wheel-house as the steamboat passed.

"Sylvan Shore!" she murmured in delight. "So, he did deceive me. I know that boat; she runs to Harlem. Then this house must be in New York. If I can only get out of this place and reach the street, the first policeman I meet will protect me. Escape from here!" and the girl sprang to her feet as she uttered the sentence: "I'll do it if I have to risk my life!"

The flashing eye, the firm, compressed lips, and the heightened color in her cheeks, told that she would keep her word.

Rocky, departing from the house, chuckling at the success of his plan and meditating how much he should require the old merchant to "come down" for the production of the girl, had no suspicion that Lillian had discovered the whereabouts of her prison-house. If he had had, it is not probable that he would have proceeded so gayly on his way.

Lillian spent all the morning in gazing out of the window; and in thinking over the means of escape.

At noon, the old woman who served as her keeper brought up a scanty dinner. After placing it on the table, she examined the window, as if for the purpose of seeing whether the girl had tampered with it or not; but finding every thing as she had left it, and being fully satisfied that Lillian had made no attempt to free herself, she left the room, locking the door after her as before.

Long and wearisome was the afternoon; the hours seemed to move on leaden wings; never before had the hours been so long to Lillian. Tired of sitting by the window and gazing out upon the freedom that was denied her, she paced up and down the room with the same restless motion that characterized the wild beast in its captive cage. She panted for the hour to come when she might make the attempt to break the toils that hemmed her in. She waited for night to wrap the earth in its sable mantle—for the gloom which was to hide her fleeing footsteps from the pursuer's gaze.

At last night came.

Slowly the gloom descended upon the earth. The white sails first seemed like spectral forms floating in the hazy air; then, slowly they faded from view as the mists of night closed in upon the heaving surface of the restless waters.

The opposite shore, far in the distance, became a dark, indistinct line; then the darkness crept over the rippling tide, that was shining gold, crimson and purple, reflecting the last rays of the dying day god. The river faded from her sight. A dark shadowy wall rose before her eyes, pierced here and there with twinkling stars, the lights shining from the opposite shore and from the passing vessels.

The hour was near at hand for the bold attempt for freedom. A faint hope had been in her mind that help might come ere night—help from the keen-eyed, quick-witted detective, John Peters. The only man in all the world who was to her a hero. Many a time during that long, weary day his image had risen before her. She had pictured him, tracking her out, as the sleuth-hound scents its prey. But, night had come and no sign of rescue. Lillian was not disappointed, for she fully realized how difficult the task was. The ruffian who had carried her off was an adept in crime—one not likely to be easily tracked.

The woman brought in a cup of tea and some crackers for Lillian's supper; made a

few remarks, saying how sensible she was to take her imprisonment quietly, and without making a fuss that wouldn't do her any good, anyway; then retired, taking care to lock the door after her, as usual.

The woman carried the light off, saying, grimly, "that folks slept better in the dark." It was evident she feared, that, if she left the light, her prisoner might set fire to the house, trusting to escape in the confusion.

Lillian sat down and ate her supper, though she had but little appetite, for the hour of escape was near at hand; that thought strangled hunger.

The meal finished, Lillian rose; she had decided upon the plan of action.

Quietly, little by little, inch by inch, she dragged the old bedstead out from the wall and shoved it against the door, using it as a barricade to prevent any one from coming into the room, as the door opened inward.

So skillfully did she perform this maneuver, that it excited no alarm among the inmates of the apartment below.

The door thus firmly barricaded, the girl tore down the curtain of the little window. With her hand she tested the strength of the woodwork. The window was one of the small, old-fashioned kind, common in the houses of forty years ago. The woodwork was light, but strong enough not to be broken by the mere strength of the arms alone. This did not disconcert her, for she had calculated upon it to be so.

She crossed the room, took up the chair, and approached the window. A moment she poised this chair in the air; then brought it down with all the force she could muster against the window-sash.

Crash went the glass, every pane in the window shattered into fragments by the shock. But the woodwork, though started from its place, still held.

Lillian heard a commotion in the room below. Her captors had been alarmed by the noise!

With desperate energy, she again struck the chair against the wooden bars that separated her from freedom.

The shock shattered the wood of the casement in the center, but it still held fast at the sides; the chair had broken, though; the upper part alone was now fit for a weapon.

Desperately, Lillian hammered at the stubborn wood, the courage of despair nerving every muscle in her frame. She heard, too, the rush of heavy feet upon the stairs and along the entry, leading to her door. The key turned in the lock, but, thanks to the barricade of the bed, the door refused to open.

With desperate curses the ruffians—there was more than one—threw themselves against the door, striving to force it open.

Every blow that Lillian struck opened one obstacle to freedom. But, each moment now was precious. She could plainly distinguish that the ruffians were gradually forcing their way into the room.

Another desperate stroke and the shattered casement, freed from its fastenings, dropped to the earth, leaving an open space—an avenue to freedom.

With a cry of joy Lillian leaped upon the window-sill; at the same moment, the ruffians forced the door half open. Their hot curses rung in the ears of the girl, but boldly, without a moment's thought, she leaped fearlessly into the darkness.

A howl of rage burst from the lips of Rocky, who with the Italian, Jocky, and young Donahar, "Looney"—composed the party forcing open the door.

Succeeding at last in forcing open the door, they rushed into the room, just after Lillian had leaped from the window.

"Blas! my eyes, if she ain't cut her lucky through the window!" cried Rocky, in disgust.

"Diavolo! We run quick after!" exclaimed the Italian.

"If she hasn't broke her leg she's lucky!" ejaculated Rocky.

The three rushed down-stairs and out of the door into the darkness of the night.

There was but one way she could have gone, for the house was surrounded by water on three sides.

"There she is!" cried Rocky, as they ran toward the avenue. He had caught sight of the girl running toward the street.

The roughs redoubled their pace. They gained rapidly upon their victim.

Just as she reached the avenue they closed upon her. But, the yell of triumph was choked in their throats, when a dozen blue-coated shadows sprung upon them from the darkness.

The roughs were surrounded by a squad of Metropolitan police, headed by the detective Peters!

In the twinkling of an eye, the steel bracelets clasped the wrists of the three. The fortunes of war had changed. The hunters had turned into the game.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TURNING THE TABLES.

The clock in Mr. Ollkoff's parlor had just chimed nine.

The merchant was pacing impatiently up and down. He had received a message from the detective that afternoon that he might expect to see Lillian before ten that evening, as he—Peters—was on the trail.

Ten minutes more and the girl, accompanied by the two detectives, stood in the parlor.

Ollkoff's joy was great, indeed, nor could he suppress his astonishment at the speedy success of the detective's plan.

"It was part accident, sir," Peters explained. "When I left the house this morning, after that colonel had been here, I was clean bothered. I felt sure that he had nothing to do with the affair. The first thing I did was to set Hank here to watch young Donahar, as I was pretty sure that he was mixed up in it, somehow. Then I suddenly remembered what a little bootblack had told me about this rough, Rocky Hill, that frequented the girl from in the underground saloon. He watched me when I brought the girl here; the bootblack—a little fellow, named Shrimpy—watched him. Well, when I thought of this, it suddenly occurred to me that Rocky might have a finger in the pie. So I immediately set out to look up this rough. I couldn't find him anywhere, but I stumbled on Hank here, who was keeping an eye on young Donahar. 'Looney,' as his pals call him; and, lo and behold! he and Rocky Hill came together. After that it was all plain sailing. We tracked Hill to the den in Harlem where he had carried Miss Lillian; went for a squad of police and came just in time to nab the beauties as they were going to nab her."

"Mr. Peters, I don't know, sir, how I shall ever be able to reward you for this service!" exclaimed the merchant, warmly.

"Nor I," said Lillian, quietly, but with an earnestness in her tone and eyes that flushed the face of the detective crimson.

"I'm sure—I'm very much obliged—I—" and the cool, courageous thief-taker broke down and blushed like a woman.

Just at that moment John, the servant, entered the room.

"Colonel Peyton is at the door, sir," John announced, with a comical grin upon his face. It was very evident that the colonel had not made a very favorable impression upon him.

All within the room, except Lillian, started at the announcement. She had little idea of the nature of Colonel Peyton's business.

"John, tell him to call some other time!" cried the old merchant, hastily.

John turned, and found himself face to face with the colonel, who had quietly followed him into the parlor.

"John, you needn't trouble yourself to do any thing of the kind," the adventurer said, blandly, smiling in the face of the astonished John. "And I am sure, Mr. Ollkoff, that you will see the necessity of meeting me to-night and thus spare unpleasant explanations."

There was a threat concealed under the colonel's smooth manner.

"Sir, I—"

"John, you may go," said the colonel, interrupting the merchant. "I see that you are determined that I shall speak out, and we might as well keep this family matter to ourselves."

John looked at the merchant; Ollkoff nodded his head, and John withdrew in profound astonishment.

After the servant had closed the door, the colonel spoke again.

"I trust you will excuse my somewhat abrupt entrance upon this little party; but, as I informed you this morning, Ollkoff, old boy, I am not to be 'done' easily. I'm a tolerably tough old chicken, and up to snuff. I dropped to your little game in spirit, this young lady away. I knew that she would come back, sooner or later, and I made up my mind to watch this house until she did come back. So, since I left you this morning, either myself or deputy has kept a devilish close watch upon this mansion. I confess it rather astonishes me to think that you thought me green enough to be thrown off the scent by such a shallow trick as this."

"May I be allowed to ask, sir, what you intend to do?" asked Peters, quietly.

"And who may you be, young man?" said the colonel, fixing his eye-glasses on his nose, and gazing superciliously at the detective.

"This gentleman's professional adviser," Peters replied.

"Oh, his lawyer, eh?" the adventurer said, contemptuously. "Perhaps it was your advice that put him up to this neat

adventurer departed. He was never seen in New York again.

"I sent a friend of mine to see Mr. Grainger. Luckily this forged bill had been preserved," Peters explained.

Not until the next day did Lillian know the relationship that the heartless adventurer bore to her. Then the old merchant told her her history.

Just one week after these events took place, Peters was summoned to a private interview with the old merchant. Mr. Ollkoff spoke straight to the point.

"I wish to adopt Lillian, but she obstinately says 'no'; that she is your ward, and as you are a little young for a guardian, suppose that you become her husband, and settle it that way?"

Need we relate the joy of the honest detective, who had learned to love the girl that he had saved? Lillian became his wife. A long life of wedded bliss seemed far before them.

After a great many tearful speeches and earnest promises, Dolly Blake and Algernon Ollkoff won the old merchant's consent to their union, although, to the last, he declared that she was far too good for him.

Rocky Hill, Jockey, and the half-foolish lad, "Looney," are doing the state yeoman service at Sing Sing, breaking stones, and bitterly they curse the evil thought that tempted them to interfere in the fortunes of a Bowers Girl.

THE END.

The Avenging Angels:

OR, THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HURON'S REUSE.

As soon as this was done, Roland called a council.

"My men," he said, "we fight here for our lives and the lives and honor of our women. Even Kenewa, placing his arm affectionately round the Huron's neck, 'in this our terrible straits, has declined to follow the customs of his race. Not a scalp has been taken.' Of what use, then, are the bodies?"

"Ugh!" observed Kenewa, with a grunt, and a very meaning grin it was, as if to let everybody know what a sacrifice he was making in not taking the usual trophy.

"Right, cap'n," said Steve, heartily: "and, mind you, if we come to have to trust these women to the Shawnees again, it will likely save them from ax and scalping-knife."

"Then call a truce and signify my intentions at once."

"All right," cried Steve.

The scout at once threw down his weapons, and fearlessly leaping the breastwork, stood with his two arms up in the air.

An Indian at once advanced and held up his arms.

"They were now two envoys, and this simple recognition of one another's character marked them both as sacred and safe as if they had advanced with flags of truce, trumpeters, and all the paraphernalia of civilized war."

They advanced until within speaking distance, when they halted, and after some few idle compliments, the Shawnee asked Steve his object in demanding an armistice.

The scout told him that the fort was incumbered with their dead, dying, and severely wounded, and that, being Christian men, they wished to hand them over to their friends.

The Shawnee started.

"How would my brother leave it done?" he said, with a courteous bow to his human interlocutor.

"Indian, you mean honest?"

"A Shawnee can not be outdone in generosity by a pale-face. There is peace until the shadow of the sun falls there," and he pointed to a stream of light between some trees.

The scout saw that they had twenty minutes.

"It is good," he said, "let a dozen unarmed Shawnees come and fetch the dead. But I say, Shawnee."

"Wagh!"

"You've got some ugly, dirty con-whips among you—smoke-dyed, painted crows, who call themselves pale-faces. Don't let 'em show themselves up yar—the truce is only with you, Shawnees; and, considering them punkin-faced varmints is than 'pointing to the crowd of 'em, 'you see we must stand on our arms."

The Shawnee nodded his head, with a guttural note of approval, and then returned to his fellows, to whom he related the wonderful and almost incredible proposal of the garrison. While yet they were discussing the matter, the Backwood Avengers were lifting the bodies of dead, dying and wounded over the breastwork, and laying them all in a row on the grass.

They then returned to their posts, seating themselves with their rifles in their hands, on the pile of logs.

A dozen Indians, stripped to their breechcloths, to show that they had no arms, now advanced, the whole body of Shawnees standing aloof, leaning on their guns, while the Bandits of the Scioto were in deep conversation apart.

Steve bowed courteously to the envoys, who, without manifesting the slightest fear, doubt, or anxiety, proceeded to examine the recumbent Shawnees. Those to whom assistance would be useful were the first carried off the field, then the dying, and lastly the dead.

There existed the utmost wonder among the Shawnees. They were not scalped—a discovery which, when first the young braves came up, drew forth a perfect shriek of delight, which their stoic natures enabled them at once to repress.

In a quarter of an hour all was over, and the Shawnees retired; nor were they seen any more that day, the remainder of which was devoted to those rites without which none of them could believe that the deceased could ever reach the happy hunting-grounds of their people.

Not even a sentry could be distinguished in the valley, though the Backwood Avengers were not deceived by this apparent neglect. They knew full well that eyes were watching their every movement, and that, had they tried to leave the ambush, they would have been instantly surrounded.

Every now and then a glimpse was caught of the ill-favored countenances of the Bandits

who, out of reach of gunshot, were reclining on a grassy and woody slope, where their time of forced inaction was spent in eating, drinking and smoking.

There was still a glimmer of day in the sky, when Steve, followed by Captain Edwards, moved to the edge of the cliff which overlooked the river. Kenewa was already smoking a pipe, awaiting them. It appeared clear that a conference was about to be held.

When the ruffian Bandits selected this spot as a stronghold, to which to retreat in case of accidents, they exhibited more judgment than is usual with men of their class, who, without guiding principles, without any belief in good or bad, are in general as reckless as they are covetous and sensual.

Their retreat could only be attacked by the valley, the precipice, which rose sheer from the river, being itself an impenetrable protection. They, however, were well aware of the absolute necessity of a supply of water, and to secure this had made a rope and rude bucket, which they fastened to a beam projecting about a couple of feet over the rock, and thus enabling the pail to touch the water without striking against any projecting stones.

As soon as Steve had drawn up enough water for the wants of those within the fort, he setted himself on the edge of the precipice, and, imitating the chief, lit his pipe and smoked gravely. Roland, whose state of nervous excitement was such as to compel him to do something, gladly joined, and thus they remained in silence some time.

"Well," suddenly said Steve, "it's just as well we made a cover over that ar cave in the rock; the gals 'ud 'a' been wet through hadn't we?"

"I was thinking it would be fine," replied Roland, who feared that the besiegers would find a useful auxiliary in the moon, which was rising over the woods, and at times showing her wan and wasted crescent through gaps in the clouds.

The changing luminary of night was waning in her last quarter, and struggling amid banks of vapor, had still power to almost dispel the sepulchral darkness that had just enveloped the scene.

"No, that's a storm coming, cap'n," said Steve.

The scout was right, for scarcely had Captain Edwards caught a glimpse of the moon, when the clouds gathered round it, and darker than ever, and then from the distant hills came peals of thunder, preceded by sheets of lightning, that betokened the coming of an American prairie storm.

"Now, cap'n," said Steve, putting aside his pipe, and brushing his mouth with the back of his hand, "it seems no one won't say nothing, so I'm bound to speak as to what it's our duty to do."

"You have called me hither," replied Roland, compelled to raise his voice by the mingling of the thunder with the roar of the river below; "let me know what you have to say."

"Well, you see, cap'n," observed the scout, with such gravity as became the proponent of a plan such as that he was about to submit to his chief, "me and Kenewa thinks that, considering we ain't got above four charges each more of powder, it's time we give up fighting and tied some other dodge."

"Between fighting and surrender to these ruthless savages there is no middle way."

"Well, cap'n, there is another way."

"Which?"

"Runnin' away."

"I know, Steve, that under the circumstances in which we are placed you would never joke, or else I should be angry. Speak on," said Roland, calmly.

"Well, yer see, cap'n, what I ar got to say ain't over an above a bit pleasant," continued Steve, scratching his head.

"Steve, every thing that can be said to assist our salvation from the wretches who said 'we will be howling around us should be said,' was the quiet reply.

"Well, here goes. Yer see, cap'n, if we get away that morn't be a chance of saving the lives of them gals."

"Get away—leaving the women behind?"

"You've just hit it, cap'n," cried Steve; "we men can drop down this yar rope into the river; the red-skins then walk in and carry off the gals. While they're a-settin' who they shall belong to, we find out what the Hurons is, and then—"

The scout made a rapid sign with his hand round his head.

"That for the Bandits and Shawnees."

"Does Kenewa approve of this?"

"He has spoken by the lips of his pale-face brother," said the young warrior, quietly.

"Then go, in God's name, and if succor be at hand, bring it; the sooner the better. I remain with the women, to aid and protect them in their last hour of danger."

"To bring the ax to their throats and the scalping-knife to their poaty ha's," said Steve, coldly.

"How so?"

"If the women give themselves up, quiet-like, that will be no harm done 'em; but, as they will be sart'n sure to cut your throat, why, when blood's up, it don't signify whether it's a man's or a woman's, cap'n."

"If I thought—if I could hope, that succor was near," said Roland, in an agonized tone, "I would go with you. But what has become of Little Bear?"

"If he had returned we should have heard something of him."

A hoot—low, quick, and sharp—of the big owl of the prairies, wildly and mysteriously broke the silence of the night.

"Wagh!" cried Kenewa.

"Little Bear, by gum—thunder!"

"God in his infinite mercy be praised!" said Roland, fervently.

The moment after there was a dead silence, during which nothing could be heard but the rush of the waters below and the boom of the still advancing storm, which now had become a complete thunder-gust. Kenewa, leaning over the edge of the precipice by means of the beam used to haul the water up, examined with care the nature of the stream.

Where they sat the cliff was sheer down nearly forty feet to a kind of pool, while to the right and left the perpendicular rock was not more than ten or twelve feet, the rest of the distance between that point and the river being made up of a sloping surface of mingled bushes and rocks.

All around were frowning cliffs, while the bed of the stream was nearly choked up by huge boulders, through which the waters passed in a few moments with a deafening roar, proclaiming that at no great distance torrents of rain were falling.

"Ugh!" suddenly said Kenewa, pointing to the coil of rope, and speaking a few words with Steve.

"Cap'n, the chief says the warriors are at hand; so will you stop to be scalped, or will

you absquatulate to punish the nagurs and save the gals? You see, if you stop, all stop—and this 'll be our grave."

"I am in your hands," said Roland, in a hollow tone; "explain to the women that we are not deserting them, and I will live to save or revenge them."

Steve returned to where the whole of the party, save the sentry, were congregated, and explained in a few brief words the exact position of affairs, and the prospect there was of saving the whole party, if, without further bloodshed, the Indians were allowed to regain possession of the women.

He then explained his interview with Roland, and declared that, had not the captain yielded, he for one would have stopped to face the last onslaught of the Indians.

"All! all!" was the response.

"I thank you," cried Roland, "and hope I may live to prove my gratitude to all my brave Avengers. But now go, I and Steve will descend last," and he pointed to the Judge, who, in a deep reverie, had heard nothing.

"Haste all," added Ettie, earnestly; "it is my belief this is an inspiration from Heaven to save us. The Shawnees will not hurt us."

"Mind you surrender to them," put in Steve; "while them fellows is dropping in to the pool I'll just tell you how to set about it."

"I know," said Matata, quietly.

She knew her duty, though Kenewa had not even sent her a message. She neither expected it nor wished it.

Her brave was doing his duty!

"You're right," put in Steve. "Ah me! it's ag'in the grain, but it can't be helped. We'll take our revenge. Now, cap'n, all down hill you go."

"The captain always last."

"Just so; I only thort it my duty to be rear-guard," said Steve. "Make haste, though, for no one ken say fur truth when these nagurs may be upon us."

Roland, after a hasty but affectionate farewell, during which he bade them all be of good cheer, hastened to follow the example set him by Steve.

But first he crouched a moment or two on the beam, watching the sufferers he had left.

His heart smote him as he saw that group of women, dimly illumined in their cavern retreat by the fire which they had kept up ever since seeking shelter in the redoubt; their cadaverous and pinched faces showing the horrors they had endured, and the mental suffering to which they were still subjected.

Then he saw the young Huron girl carry an armful of brush to the narrow gap defended by the wooden breastwork, and pile it with all the fuel she could collect against the logs.

To his she soon set fire.

As soon as it blazed on high she leaped on the top beam of the parapet, and held her arms upward and waived.

Then she waited.

Ten minutes elapsed, during which time those below continually shook the rope by which Roland Edwards should have descended.

But he was spell-bound.

The girl sat full in the effulgence of the blazing light, every lineament of her rapt face clearly to be distinguished.

Then one or two Indians came peering up to her.

"Welcome," she said, in the Shawnee dialect; "there are none but women here. We are the prisoners of the Shawnee braves, not of the cowardly pale-faces."

"My sister has spoken—her word is the law," replied Theanderigo, advancing, glad to frame any excuse to secure the women as his prisoners.

"I am all on fire," muttered Moses Horne, coming out from the crowd; "what's our gals?"

"All prisoners of tribe," said Theanderigo, coldly; "decide over by talk."

The Bandits growled, but uselessly, as they were by far too weak to try violence, and the Indians, without noticing their scowling countenances, proceeded to secure the persons of the fugitive women without any physical injury, the memory of the dead and wounded given up without mutilation being still upon them.

The means by which the men had escaped were soon discovered, but the Shawnees cared little about this.

They would hanker after their women, and would not go far. Their tracks would be easily traced in the morning.

With this consoling idea the prisoners were restored to their cavern, while all around the Shawnees laid themselves down to await the dawn of day.

To men accustomed not only to the woods but to hardships, the descent into the river-pool by means of a rope was easy enough, especially as Kenewa and Little Bear stood up to their hips in water to assist all who followed the chief.

At last all were collected.

The darkness was intense, so that when Little Bear offered to pilot them across there was little fear of their being seen from above.

A pilot was needed; for from the sudden rush of water from the table-lands above, the current swept by with great speed and fury, until below it was lost in a cloud of foam, that with a fearful roar indicated the presence of a fall.

But the boy had well noted the way he came, and led them from rock to rock and boulder to boulder as if they had been ordinary and safe stepping-stones.

They were soon, therefore, on the opposite bank, which was as soft, smooth, and grassy as the other was rough and rude.

As soon as they were concealed by the trees, all sat down, despite their drenched and soaked condition, to learn their future course of proceedings.

The first word brought an audible groan from Roland.

The Huron braves were quite two days behind.

Little Bear had met his friends in small numbers on the war-trail, and after explaining the position of his brother and their chief, had left them to collect their forces and follow, while he sought out the trail of Kenewa.

"This he had found with difficulty."

"Two days," said Roland; "must they suffer all that time?"

"Two days, cap'n! Why, them Indians and white thieves 'll be a hull week a-talking over their plunder," cried Steve; "it's more nor enough."

"It is enough," observed Kenewa, calmly; "the Shawnees are dogs; their village shall leave no sign ere two moons are past. Let us go."

And the chief, rising, led the way until they reached the falls of the river. Below there it was wide, smooth, and shallow.

In half an hour they reached the head of the Catawba Lake, within two hundred yards of their boats, of which they were in possession.

Little Bear, with an activity which well became his youth, and at the same time his manly courage, swam to the island under the direction of his brother, found the boats, and brought them to his friends.

All climbed in and made for one of the small islands in the lake, where for a while they could repose in safety until morn, when their immediate course of action would be decided on.

The whole party were so fatigued that little was said that night.

The young lover, however, tossed upon his early couch, could almost imagine that some evil had happened to the two daughters of the judge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TWO SPIES.

The night was soon passed.

As soon as day commenced, and awoke all creation to life and light, the Backwood Avengers held council.

The Shawnees would beat the woods for them in every direction, so that to remain concealed anywhere seemed almost impossible. Knowing that they were somewhere close at hand, the red-skins, who had so many deaths and so many defeats to avenge, would search for them with the sharp eye of hate.

All depended, then, on the arrival of reinforcements.

Should they wait for them, or should they go in search of them?

Kenewa was for the latter course, but opinions being divided, the decision was left entirely in the hands of their captain.

His proposal was, then, to divide. One party was to remain and wait for reinforcements, while he and Steve would outlie in the forest, watch the Indians, and endeavor to circumvent any devilries to which they might have recourse.

Steve nodded his head, with a smile, as if he thought Roland Edwards had acted with wisdom. Kenewa made no remark, but, giving a whispered order to Little Bear, the youth glided into the water, and, wading at first, soon swam ashore, and took up his post on the branch of a tree, whence he had a good view of the grassy plain over which the expected warriors would be sure to come.

Steve and Roland also waded ashore, and the former leading the way, entered the forest in profound silence. There was no attempt on their part to conceal the trail, as now such precaution must prove useless. The crisis was approaching, and, unless victory very soon crowned their efforts it would be useless to strive against fate.

The women must soon be lost to them forever.

In the hands of the Bandits, or in the hands of the Shawnees they would equally be forever separated from their friends.

In this case Roland's determination was come to.

He would rescue the fair girl of his heart or perish—it mattered to him not how. He would as soon lie down and die on one of the desolate plains of the great prairie wilderness as in any other way.

The two hunters glided silently along, stooping beneath the underbrush, wading through the long grass, their eyes ever on the watch, their ears listening with the deepest intensity, their breath held, and now and then even pausing, lest they might fall into some ambush.

It was nearly evening when they came within half a mile of the Indian camp.

Crawling and creeping, rather than walking, they were soon upon the verge of the open clearing where the Shawnees had erected their village.

Not a wigwam was to be seen.

"Gone!" cried Roland.

Steve rubbed his eyes.

"What can be the meaning of this?" said the captain.

"Well," said the scout, coldly, "they've smelt a rat, and gus the ship."

He moved carefully out into the plain.

"Suppose it is a trap?"

"Nator has a voice that can not be misunderstood. If any of them lope, thieving, cussed Shawnee vagabonds was about, those wolves yonder wouldn't be quarrelling over the bones they've left."

With these words he boldly advanced into the open clearing.

This indeed was an overwhelming misfortune. Either by intuition or by means of his scouts, Theanderigo suspected the coming of Huron reinforcements.

Such was the inference drawn by Steve as they advanced along the plain toward the hill in which was the cavern where the women had been detained prisoners.

The scout proposed to camp on the summit.

He there lit a small fire of dry wood, that emitted but the faintest column of smoke. Steve took a hearty meal, and, after a few words, cast himself under a tree and slept. Roland could not so early cast off all care or divest himself of the idea that they were acting with imprudence. It was, however, impossible to resist the imperious calls of nature after the superhuman exertions of the few previous days, and Roland Edwards at length slept, nor awoke until the matin hoot of the owl announced that the sun was about to rise.

A draught of water, a hunch of meat without bread or salt, was the frugal morning meal; and the scout commenced the task of tracking the fugitives.

Steve took care to keep off the line of march, only examining the trail now and then with a critical eye.

At length he came to a spot where the whole party had encamped in the center of a thicket, which had yet a fire or two alight, indicating very recent departure.

After a careful examination of the neighborhood, the scout seated himself beside Roland, and was about to enter upon one of his usual talks, when a low moaning close at hand drew his attention.

"What is that?" asked Roland, looking warily around, in expectation of a surprise.

"Some poor beast a-dyin'," said Steve.

The trapper then rose, walked to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and then came back with a rather pretty dog, with his leg broken, and moaning pitifully.

"Why, it is Pet," cried Roland, in an amazed tone.

The scout looked at his captain as if he thought he had really taken leave of his senses.

"I'll tell you, Steve," continued the captaining the animal on to his lap; "this is a dog which I gave Little Mason quite a year ago."

"Then, cap'n," said Steve, heartily, "the beast has followed the gals, and some scoundrel—no red-skin, I'll swear—has shot him in the leg."

While Roland examined the wound the little animal whined and moaned with pain, while, on examination, it proved that its claws were quite worn away with its long journey.

The hunter rose, looked about, found some herbs known to him from long contact with the Indians, and chewed a small quantity, which, by means of a small bandage, he fastened on the wounded place; the intelligent little animal all the time looking keenly up in his face, as if thankful for kindness shown him.

"This wonderful," said Steve, "observed the scout, "this here brute has had to work out our trail, or rather that of the gals; but yar he is, so it don't signify talking. What shall we do with him?"

"Take him with us."

"But he can't walk."

"I'll carry him."

Steve smiled grimly. Perhaps he had a glimmering of the young man's motive, few being so practical as not to retain some remnant of sentimentality in their hearts.

Half an hour later they were again on their way. Steve now took the lead. With all his knowledge of the prairies, with all his experience as to the ins and outs of red-skin wile and cunning, he was at a loss to understand the double action of the enemy. That they had fled, in all appearance, to some fastness where they could defend themselves from the attacks of their foes, he felt certain; but, in this case, why had they not more elaborately concealed the trail, instead of leaving it obvious and clear?

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses, Pampiers, Illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address

59-17. DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 597 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES

And Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discoloration from the skin. For PIMPLES, Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.

Prepared only by Dr. R. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE YEAR

OF BATTLES. A History of the Franco-German War. By Brooks.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

(From the old English of Chaucer, etc.)

BY JOE POT, JR.

A buchefful of years ago
When the old time was new—
There lived a wealthy gentleman—
I think he was a Jew,
But somehow he took sick and died
As rich folks sometimes do,
And when he died, 'mong other things
He couldn't take along
He left two weeping child-erren
As was both small and young,
And many thousand ducats which
Should unto them belong.

He also left a broth-er,
These children's uncle he
So he was made their guard-ian
Till they were of age should be,
And he had a hanker for gold
In a very great degree.

He counseled with two ruff-ians,
And made both of them swear
They would not hurt the child-erren,
But take their heads off square,
That by the process of the law
He might become their heir.

The children to the for-est
These ruff-ians did lead,
But first they drank some whis-ki-ee
Before they did the deed,
And then to count their sil-ver
They straightway did proceed.

They quarreled o'er a three-cent piece,
And made an awful fuss,
They drew their swords out of their sheaths
As wilder grew the mss.
And whacked each other on the scalp
In a way to make you hiss.

The young but youthful child-erren
Got very much dismayed,
And looking on this wild affray
Grew terribly afraid,
And saw each ruffian at a blow
Cut off the other's head.

The ruffians fell upon the ground
Which with their blood was wet,
And one was dead as dead could be,
The other deader yet.
The babes they found themselves were lost,
And they began to fret.

They gathered up the scattered change
And wandered far and wide,
Till last beneath the trees' shade
They laid them down and died.
With leaves the little rob-ens
Covered them up and sighed.

And at their heads these rob-ens
Put up two tombstones small,
And carved their names thereon to keep
Their memories green to all.
The uncle up to New York came,
And bought and sold on Wall.

The White Outlaw;

OR,

The Prairie Ambush.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE prairie grass was green under the summer sky, and far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible save the green roll of the plain, and the blue outline of the distant mountains. In a shaded nook, close to a thick belt of timber, a hunter had built himself a cabin. Old Jim Bailey was known far and wide through this region as a skillful guide and trapper, and there was one other thing which drew the young soldiers and trappers off the main trail to rest at his cabin. He had a daughter, Cora Bailey, who was famed for her beauty through all that region. Ohio was then the North-west territory, and inhabited by warlike tribes, who delighted in scenes of bloodshed, and they were even now gathering for the struggle which was to end in the complete subjugation of their race.

It was a beautiful morning in June as a young girl rode through the waving grass in the direction of Bailey's cabin. A girl who had a strong, true, beautiful face, her dark hair floating loosely below her jaunty riding-hat, and her symmetrical figure showing to advantage beneath a tight-fitting hussar jacket, above a flowing riding-skirt of gray. Her horse was a noble white, with long, clean, powerful limbs and flowing mane and tail. She governed him with the hand of a mistress, her dark eyes full of enjoyment, life and spirit. As she passed a belt of timber the bushes parted, and a dark-faced young man, dressed in forest garb, stood before her.

"You here, David Brownlow?"

"I could not stay away," he said, pleadingly. "Bear in mind that I love you dearly, and—"

"Hush. I will not listen to you for an instant, Mr. Brownlow. How dare you come here, when you know that your life is in danger every moment you stay? I ought to give you up to justice, but I can not do it. Go away and do not let my father see you."

"Curses on him; it was his fault that I am outlawed."

"You deserved that, and more. The guilt of blood is upon you. You killed an innocent man in a drunken brawl, and have lost all claim to sympathy; go."

"You drive me away," he said, hoarsely. "Have your will then, Cora Bailey; but my turn will come soon. If I killed a man, it was with his hand upon a weapon ready to destroy me."

"It is false. He would not have used the pistol except in self-defense."

"Have some pity, Cora. You know that I love you, and the thought that my rash act has separated me from you is driving me mad."

"You are much to blame, David. I did love you once—why deny it—but, that time is past. Go your way; hide your guilty head in some secluded part of the country, and atone for your foul deed by penitence and prayer."

"You will have it," he hissed. "Very well; I will go, but you shall hear from me again. When the flood of war rolls over this devoted country, when roof-trees lie blackened and low, think of me and my revenge."

He turned and buried himself in the woods, and Cora looked after him with an uneasy glance.

"He means some wickedness; he has a bad heart, and I fear evil will come from this."

She rode on hastily and alighted at the door of her father's house, who came out to meet her accompanied by a handsome young fellow in a rifleman's uniform, before whose admiring gaze Cora blushed and looked down. He came forward, extending his hand.

"Your father asked me to ride down with him and try my hand at the deer," he said. "You have not been to the village lately, Miss Bailey."

"I am father's housekeeper, Lieutenant Grayson," she replied, "and of course can not leave him often. I see you are in uniform. Do you expect to be called out soon?"

"Black Hand threatens mischief, and I

can not say how soon the Indians may be upon the war-path," he answered.

"You are welcome to our humble home, lieutenant," she said. "Will you come in?"

"Ay, ay, go in, Henry. I'll take keer of Cora's horse," said Bailey. "The gal will make it more pleasant for you than an old hunter."

Grayson followed Cora into the cabin, where every thing was as neat as human hands could make it. The young lieutenant had met her at a party in the little village, ten miles away, and had been taken by her handsome face, and brilliant conversational powers. Cora had a fair education, good enough for the border, and sung with wonderful sweetness and power, and he overlooked the fact that her father was only a rude hunter, and had determined to lay siege to her heart in regular form. Grayson was a young man of reputation, and, for that section, of considerable wealth, and Cora might well be proud of her conquest.

He remained all that day at the cabin, listening to her songs and watching her as she prepared the savory venison and home-made bread, which formed the principal food of this border region. Bailey went out upon some errand, and came in about three o'clock in a towering passion.

"What is the matter, father?" said Cora.

"I've met that black-hearted thief, Dave Brownlow," replied the hunter, "and we had a little scrimmage. But he got away from me and joined a party of Black Hand's Indians, and I couldn't do any thing with them. I'll see that feller hung one of these days."

"I met him this morning," said Cora, "and he uttered threats which I did not understand."

"What did he say?"

"He spoke of war as a certainty, and as if he expected to have something to do in bringing it about," she replied.

"Who is this Brownlow?" Not the ruffian for whose arrest a reward has been offered by the Governor?" said Grayson.

"That identical thief. You don't know him, and it's just as well, for he's a most determined villain. He used to be a friend of mine, and I'm 'shamed to say I thought him a true man, but I've found him out now. You must look out for him, Cora."

"What was his crime?"

"He was in a bar-room up at Cypress Bend, and that was a fight. He was in it,

"We meet again, Cora," he said. "Some-what quicker than I expected, but not the less welcome. Who is this gay personage who accompanies you?"

"How dare you address this lady in that manner?" demanded Grayson, riding between them.

"Perhaps this gentleman would like an introduction," said Brownlow. "My name, sir, is Dave Brownlow—Mad Dave of the Ridges—and a tough colt to bridle. The lady, some time ago, promised to marry me, but went back on her word on account of a little difficulty I had with a fellow at Cypress Bend. There lies your way over the prairie, and the quicker you take it the better for you. Cora goes with me."

He laid a hand upon the bridle of the white horse, but the next moment he was rolling on the earth, under a heavy blow from the iron hand of Grayson. The blow was hardly struck when four Indians sprung from the thicket, with knives and rifles ready, and assailed the young rifleman over the body of Brownlow.

Hemmed in on every side, the brave young man fought with the energy of despair. In an instant one of the savages, felled by the iron-bound butt of a pistol, lay beside Brownlow among the tangled grass; but, while he was so engaged, a second sprung at him with uplifted knife. Cora had stood inactive during the beginning of the struggle, rapidly reloading her rifle, unnoted by the Indians, who did not dream of any resistance from her. She saw that Grayson was incumbered by the weight of Brownlow, who was clinging to his stirrup upon the left side, and was striking at him with a heavy hatchet, and that he could not ward off the blow of the tall savage with the knife. Nothing could save him but instant action on her part, and as the red-skin sprung on, with a triumphant yell, she raised her rifle rapidly, and discharged the contents full at his broad breast.

The Indian uttered a fiendish yell, plucked at the clothing upon his breast, and fell prostrate on the sod. At the same time a wild shout was heard, and Jim Bailey came down upon them like the wind, with his rifle ready. This was too much for the Indians, who broke and fled for the woods, leaving two warriors slain upon the ground, and Brownlow, wounded, a prisoner in their hands. Grayson, who had received several knife-wounds in the fray, fainted from loss of blood, and was carried back to Bailey's cabin, where the heroic girl nursed him back to life.

how to take the brute. I hev allers thought he sarved me right fur bein' over in ther durned greaser kentry.

"You see, me an' Crack, thet's the dog, hed been meyanterin' up 'bout the head ur the Anchos; ter tell the truth, we war arter a cussed yaller-belly what had snaked off my saddle an' cut with it, an' we war layin' off in the bush waitin' fur a sight."

"'Twar a powerful thick piece o' timmer, big trees an' little trees an' chapperell till you couldn't rest."

"We'd been in thar nigh a week, watchin' round, when, one evenin', jest es the sun was gettin' well down, I hear the all-fired lot uv squallin', an' yelpin' an' screechin' thet ever war."

"Crack war off a leetle way, an' you'd 'a' died a larfin' to see him kim scootin' back with his tail down, scart half to death."

"I know'd in a minit 'twurn't a human critter, but what kind uv a varmint it war I couldn't guess nohow."

"Arter a bit the thing begin ag'in, this time closer 'twur before, an' a heap louder."

"I ain't easy scart, boyees, but I'll own up thet I felt kinder queer thet time."

"You see, I hadn't never heard nothin' like it afore, an' I didn't know but what it mout be the devil hisself arter me."

"You better b'leve I treed in a hurry; an' so did Crack, fur he got atween my legs an' stood thar growlin' to hisself."

"The dog war clean cowed."

"I stood mighty quiet, listenin' an' watchin', but I couldn't see ner hear nothin' fur a good bit."

"I reckon I must 'a' waited half a hour, an' war beginnin' to think the varmint hed 'clared out, when, all at onc', it bu'sted out ag'in, forty times wuss'n afore, an' right plum over my head, in the limbs uv the tree ag'in' I stood."

"I've hearn tell uv big jumps an' sumersets, an' the like, but I reckon I jumped further an' turned more uv 'em, an' faster'n any uv them fellers what's paid ter do it ever did."

"An' I warn't none too quick, nuther."

"Es I went from under ther tree I throwed one eye up, an' ketcht a glimpse uv the creeter jes es he war makin' his spring."

"I see it war yaller, with whoppin' big eyes an' a powerful long tail, an' thet war about all, till it landed, all uv a heap on the ground on the other side uv whar I lit."

"You see, the varmint hed lep' too fur, an' I missed his mark."

"I jist hed time ter get onto my feet, an'

the hind sights uv a rifle fur nigh three month."

"Crack got well sooner ner I did, fur you see he could lick the sore ear, an' thar's healin' in a dog's tongue."

"Come, Eph," said one of the boys, "that won't go down. How in Satan could he lick his sore ear?"

The laugh evidently perplexed the old hunter, but only a moment.

"Ther deuce he couldn't," said Eph; didn't I see him lickin' the piece thet the varmint tore off?"

Short Stories from History.

The Youth is Father to the Man.—The

great Turenne, in his youth, was much pleased with the character of Alexander, as delineated by Quintus Curtius. His ambition was fired by the heroic actions of that conqueror; and he took particular pleasure in reading and relating them to others. On these occasions, his whole gesture became more animated than usual; his eyes sparkled, and his imagination being inflamed, he overcame the natural diffidence he had in speaking. An officer, one day, took the liberty to tell him that his favorite historian was no better than a writer of romances; which touched the young viscount to the quick. The duchess, his mother, made a sign to the officer to persist; the dispute grew warm; Turenne fell into a passion, left the company abruptly, and privately sent the officer a challenge, which, in order to divert the duchess, was accepted. The next day the young viscount went out of town, under the pretense of hunting; and Turenne arriving at the spot of rendezvous, there found a table ready spread. As he stood wondering what this preparation could mean, his mother appeared, accompanied by the officer, and told her son she was come to be second to the gentleman with whom he was to fight. The sportsmen came up, breakfast was served, peace concluded, and the duel changed into a hunting match.

When Turenne was only ten years old, his governor missed him, and after seeking some time, at length found him asleep on a cannon, which he seemed to embrace with his little arms as far as he could reach. When he was asked why he had chosen such a couch, he answered, "That he intended to have slept there all night, to convince his father that he was hardy enough to undergo the fatigues of war; though the old duke had often persuaded him to the contrary."

It is of such stuff that heroes are made, and the lesson it teaches is that each child's own habits and thoughts, if carefully studied, will determine what should be their life calling. To have made a lawyer, physician, or priest, of Turenne would have been not more of an outrage upon his inborn tastes and talents than to have harnessed a deer to the plow. And yet we see such outrages perpetrated every day!

A Royal Road to Fortune.—When Sir

Richard Arkwright went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber; but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With these savings he took a cellar, and commenced business; at the cellar head he displayed this inscription: "Subterranean shaving, with keen razors, for one penny." The novelty had a very successful effect, for he soon had plenty of customers; so much so, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded two pence apiece for shaving, were obliged to reduce their terms. They also styled themselves subterranean shavers, although they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Arkwright determined on a still further reduction, and shaved for a half-penny. A neighboring cobbler one day descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, said he hoped he would give him another half-penny, for his beard was so strong it might spoil his razor. The cobbler declared he would not. Arkwright then shaved him for the half-penny, and immediately gave him two pair of shoes to mend. This was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune; for the cobbler, struck with this unexpected favor, introduced him to the inspection of a cotton machine invented by his particular friend. The plan of this Arkwright got possession of; and it gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million of money.

The grand lesson of Arkwright's life—that no matter how humble a man's origin his fortune is in his own hands—can not too often be impressed. From the cellar barber-shop to the millionaire mill-owner was a grand leap, but not greater than has marked the history of many Americans whom we can recall. Indeed, almost all of our great and wealthy men sprung from very humble stations in early life.

Sir Walter Raleigh.—The story of Sir

Walter Raleigh's life is full of romance, and his end a sad one. His name is so inwoven with our own early history as to make him almost "one of us."

Raleigh, who was, even in his own day, often called "the noble and valorous knight," and whose works have placed him in an important rank in the history of English literature, was doomed to pass the best period of his life in captivity. The reign of James I. may be praised for its pacific character; but as long as the name of Raleigh shall be remembered, will that reign be stained with one of the foulest crimes a monarch could commit.

Almost immediately after the accession of King James in 1603, Raleigh was imprisoned on a charge of treason, tried at Winchester in November of the same year, and condemned to die. He was, however, reprieved, and confined, a close prisoner, in the Tower, where he remained for upward of fourteen years. During his confinement, he devoted great part of his time to his studies; and the productions of his pen at this time were so numerous, that he rather resembled a collegian than a captive; a student in a library than a prisoner in the Tower. His principal work, the "History of the World," was written and published during his confinement. He was at length released from the Tower in March, 1615; had the king's commission for a voyage to Guiana, which he made in 1617; but being unsuccessful, the old sentence was revived against him on his return home, and he was sent to the scaffold, to the eternal disgrace of the pusillanimous monarch, whose conduct in this affair gained him the indignation of his contemporaries, and of posterity.



THE WHITE OUTLAW.

and helped to stir it up, and when the row was going on he shot a man who had nothing to do with it, and was trying to part them. They raised the Regulators on him, but he got away, and hez bin in the Injin kentry ever since."

"We have a standing order to arrest him wherever we can find him," said Grayson, "for it is thought he is inciting the Indians to sedition. He can not escape us long. What think you of the prospect of striking a deer to-morrow?"

"Easy enough. They are pretty thick about Cedar Lick, jest now."

"Am I to go out with you, father?" demanded Cora. "You know that I am a good shot."

"Few better, gal. I don't think it safe to leave you alone, so I reckon you'd better go. And now set on supper, for I'm mighty hungry after my ride."

Supper over and the dishes cleared away, the trio passed a pleasant evening, and at early morning were ready for the hunt. Cora brought out a neat little rifle, and appeared to know how to use it.

"You must look to your laurels to-day, lieutenant!" she cried. "I am going to beat you, if I can!"

"And she kin shoot, Henry," said Bailey.

"I give you notice of that."

"I must not suffer myself to be beaten by a woman," replied the lieutenant, as he assisted her to mount. "Lead the way, Bailey."

They brushed away at a rapid pace through the grass, upon which the dew lay heavily, moving toward the hills upon the west. Cora was in high spirits, and laughed and jested with her companion.

"See here," said Bailey, pointing to a wooded knoll crossed in various directions by deer-paths. "You take that direction and wait, and you are sure to get a shot. Look yonder; is not that an Injin?"

A human figure had darted rapidly across an open space and disappeared in the bushes. The three looked after him a moment, and then, with a muttered exclamation directed at all "lopin' thieves," the hunter rode rapidly away, with his dog at his heels. Five minutes passed, and they sat silently upon their horses, waiting, when a buck and doe leaped from the bushes and crossed the prairie some sixty yards distant. Grayson fired and the buck staggered, but kept on his course. The rifle of Cora rose slowly to her shoulder, a flash leaped out, and the noble quarry, stricken through the heart, fell dead in his tracks.

At the same moment a man rode out of the bushes and confronted them—no other than David Brownlow.

Brownlow was taken to the village, and given over to the authorities. Three weeks after he broke jail and escaped, and his blackened body was found swaying from a forest tree not long after. The Regulators had found him in his escape, and he had suffered by their laws.

After the Indian outbreak was suppressed, Henry Grayson, now a colonel, came back to wed the heroic woman who had saved his life in the prairie fight.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Eph Hawkins and the Cougar.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"He ar' a comike-lookin' pup, thet's sartin," said Eph Hawkins, patting a short-legged, stout-looking cur, minus one ear, upon the back, "but, he ar' wuss'n forked lightnin' into a ground scuffle, an' es fur holdin' on, why a logger-head mud turtle ain't a patchin' to him."

Such extraordinary praise, especially coming from "Rough Eph," as he was called, who made it a rule never to speak well of any thing, if he could possibly avoid it, at once aroused attention, and caused a score of eyes to turn with interest upon the ungainly brute.

"Well, he ain't much fur han'some," said Ned Sanford, with a grin.

"No, he ain't," replied Eph, sharply, "but I knows some two-legged animiles not very fur about hyar as is in purty much the same fix."

The stroke was a direct one, Ned being unusually homely, and a wild yell of laughter told that it was appreciated.

"But come, Eph, never mind Ned's jokes; tell us how the dog came to lose his ear," said one of the boys.

"How he lost his ear, hey? Well he lost it holpin' his master outen a cussed tight place, an' I'll tell yer how it war."

"Most uv yer fellers knows what a grizzly ar' an' what a painter ar', but I doosen't bleeve enny uv you knows much about a Mexikin tiger—chouggers they calls 'em; do'ee?"

"Nary! We've heard uv 'em! They're wuss'n pizen!" were the various answers.

"Well," continued Eph, "they ar' bad, an' no mistake, especially when you're wound-ed 'em jest enuff ter draw blood smartly an' make 'em mad fur keeps."

"This hyar one as I'm speakin' uv war the fust one I ever see, an' I didn't know

throw the old rifle up, when it kim at me ag'in."

"I pulled the trigger 'thout aim, fur I hadn't no time, heard ther thing fetch a squall, an' then end over end I went into ther bresh, the varmint on top, scratchin' and bighitin' an' t'arin' my very innards out—ennyhow I thought so."

"Lordy, how the thing stunk! an' all the time it kept up thet cussed snarl'n, jest like a bull-dog as is worrin' a cat."

"I begin ter think ther jig war up with Eph Hawkins, an' 'thout hardly knowin' what fur, I yelled out fur Crack ter pitch in."

"I didn't much reckon he'd take holt, but he did, an' I tell you he made thet varmint think suthin' had bu'sted."

"I hed long sence drapped the rifle, an' war tryin' ter git my knife out, but the chougger kep me too bizzy, an' it took both hands."

"I ter keep the thing's teeth offen my wuz."

"But, when Crack grupp'd the beast by ther jaw, an' throwed his heft back'ards onto it, it let up on me a bit, an' sorter turned his 'tention to the pup."

"'Twar a bad move for the Mexikin brute, you kin bet, fur afore he got through with Crack, I hed my knife twistin' about into his innards in a way thet made him twist, I tell you."

"But he war game, an' what's wuss, he hed his back up an' war bound to win—only he didn't."

"I can't never tell how long the scrimmage lasted. I thought it war a week, but it kim to an end at last."

"Crack he got too rambunctious, an' pitched in 'thout enny calkerlation, an' naterally the beast got him by the ear."

"You ought to 'a' heard that dog holler. He war wuss'n the chougger fur noise, but it warn't no use. The beast hilt on like grim death, an' Crack sock back an' tried ter pull loose."

"I war nigh dead, but I sw'ar I hed to lart to see the pup."

"'Twar a lucky holt fur me though."

"You see when Crack pulled off on one side, howlin' an' t'arin' up the airth with his claws, he sorter twisted the chougger's neck round, an' give me a chance."

"You kin sw'ar I warn't long a-usin' it, nuther. One wip'did the business, 't'ar to the bone, fur I felt the edge grate ag'in it, an' the varmint rolled off, takin' Crack's ear with him, dead as a pine knot."

"I reckon I must 'a' fainted like arter thet, fur when I kim tu it war broad day, an' sum yaller-bellies war bindin' up the wound, ther war a heap uv 'em, I tell you, an' bad 'uns, an' I didn't look through